

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Kateri Tekakwitha

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

Carthage Comes to Life

By JOSEPH HOLDEN

Auntie Sees To It

By ENID DINNIS

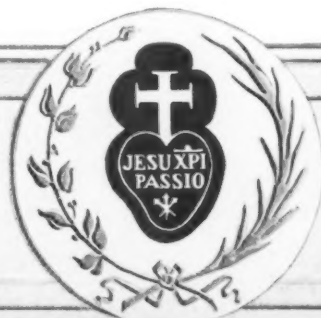
The Passionists in China

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Vol. 9, No. 9

April, 1930

Price 20 Cents



Where Put Your Money?

Get a Life Income
Help Christ's Cause

You can't take it with you!



Will you hoard or spend it!
Give it away or make a Will!

6 to 9%

Why not buy Life Annuities?

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **Permanence:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **Abundant Yield:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **Security:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **Freedom from Worry:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age, are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **Economy:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **Steady Income:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **Contribution to the Cause of Christ:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For further information write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
Care of THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

HIGHLAND TRUST COMPANY

Summit Ave. and Seventh St.
(Transfer Station)

UNION CITY, N. J.

The accounts of firms, corporations and individuals are invited.

2% Interest paid on Check Accounts.

4% Interest paid on Special Accounts.

Our Foreign Department renders direct service to all important centers of the World.

Banking Hours

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturday, 9 A. M. to 12 Noon.
Monday Evenings, 6 to 8.30 o'clock.

Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent at \$4.00 per year and up.

OFFICERS

Chairman of the Board
FRANK C. FERGUSON

President
LIVINGSTON WILLSE

Vice-President
LOUIS L. SCHMITT

Vice-President and Treasurer
CHARLES M. MINDNICH

Secretary
JOSEPH B. FEENEY
Assistant Treasurer
JOSEPH F. HESS

The Brothers of Mercy of St. John of God, who care for and nurse male patients, both in hospitals and in private homes, are seeking candidates.

Young men, from the age of 16 to 37, who feel themselves called to this noble work, will please apply to the

NOVICE-MASTER
Brothers of Mercy
49 Cottage St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

The + Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1930

CHRIST'S GREAT MISSIONARY COMMAND	514
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT	515
The Empty Tomb—Bigotry in Harriman, N. Y.—Death Summons Archabbot Aurelius—Hunan's New Prefect—Passion Plays—Sisters in Hunan—Christian Education.	
CATEGORICA	518
Edited by N. M. Law.	
THE RED BLOSSOM OF NEW FRANCE	521
By Edythe Helen Browne.	
CARTHAGE COMES TO LIFE	526
By Joseph Holden.	
COMMUNION	528
By Rev. Charles Hugh Doyle.	
RETREATS AND THE LAY-APOSTOLATE	529
By Edward Warren Joyce.	
HEAVEN BEYOND THE PINE TREES	532
By Grace Keon.	
COMPREHENSION	537
By Nancy Buckley.	
THE REMEDY FOR SOCIAL ILLS	538
By Charles R. Maloy.	
THE SIGN POST	541
THE LEVITICAL CITY	547
By P. W. Browne, D.D., Ph.D.	
THE FIRST STATION	550
By Matthew Richardson.	
AUNT BETSY SEES TO IT	551
By Enid Dinnis.	
CLEM LEWIS' REPARATION	555
By Charles F. Ferguson.	
THE SPARROWS	558
By Eleanor Rogers Cox.	
THE SINLESS SUFFERER	559
By Francis Shea, C.P.	
A PLEDGE	560
By Leonora Arent.	
POPE AND MAGUIRE	561
By E. J. Quigley.	
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS	563
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA	565
GEMMA'S LEAGUE	573

THE SIGN is published monthly at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c; Canada, \$2.25 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. Available Mss. will be paid for on acceptance.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, or Change of Address should be sent in two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should always be given.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1930.

FROM MANUSCRIPT TO FINISHED BOOK

Our specialty is the making of books for private circulation.

An extensive experience fits us to do exceptionally fine work in the production of Prayer-Books, Books of Rule, Directories, etc.

Bindings in Cloth and Leather

PAMPHLETS CATALOGS YEAR BOOKS

Enquiries from Priests and Religious Communities Solicited

THE STELZ BOOK-BINDING COMPANY

Mr. John Cavalero,
President

43 East 12th Street
New York City

EUROPE

OBERAMMERGAU
Mid-summer tour under direction
K. of C.

Sailing from N. Y. July 11
Via: RED STAR LINE

Return: WHITE STAR LINE

Tour 1—31 days—Belgium, France, England, Ireland \$390

Tour 2—47 days—Includes Passion Play at Oberammergau, Belgium

France, Italy, Switzerland \$595

Under Business Management

American Express Travel Dept.

For booklet and details, write

THOS. F. HARRIGAN, Exec. Secy.,

N. Y. CHAPTER, K. of C.

51st Street and Eighth Ave., New York

Christ's Great Missionary Command

THIS month we commemorate the greatest fact in all history—the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead.

It is a fact so well proven by the consistent and unanimous testimony of eye witnesses that it cannot be questioned by anyone who has the slightest regard for the authority of Christian writings.

It is a fact of such tremendous importance that the whole stupendous fabric of the Catholic Church has been built upon it: "And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your Faith is also vain."

The Resurrection was, moreover, Christ's personal triumph. How did He use it? The moment of triumph is usually the test moment of a man's character. Men are humble when they have no means of aggression or defense. They are haughty and desire revenge when circumstances combine in their favor.

How Christ used His triumph is told us by St. Matthew in describing the meeting of the eleven Apostles with their Master on the mountain in Galilee—"they worshipped Him, but some doubted."

His first word to them was: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. . . ." How will such an announcement be finished? The "power" might express itself in forms of vengeance, in the overthrow of the Roman rule, in the extinction of Christ's enemies.

But not so. Having asserted His possession of all power, Christ adds: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

In the giving of this commission, our Lord shows us the right use of our own power. It is to be used *educationally* for the benefit of others. "Go ye, therefore, and teach."

No man is free, according to Christ's law, to turn his power to merely personal or selfish uses. The measure of a man's power is the measure of his obligation to educate society, and to educate it in the teachings of Christ.

A man's power may be intellectual, commercial, social; that is to say, he may have great thinking powers, or money resources, or influence in society. But whatever the nature of his power, a man must use it for others. *He must give!* "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you," says St. Paul.

How comprehensive is Christ's commission! Standing with eleven poor and unlettered men on a mountain in Galilee, Jesus Christ turns the world into a great school and appoints its teachers. He refers to no difficulties, He never provides for surrender or defeat, He describes no boundaries. He speaks of the world as a unit. It is the school. All nations are the scholars. His Gospel is the subject of every teacher.

Christ's commission, my Friends, is not limited to the original Apostles. To you and me is given the command to preach the Gospel in whatever way we can and to preach it to *all* nations!

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

OWNED, EDITED AND
PUBLISHED BY THE
PASSIONIST FATHERS

LEGAL TITLE:
PASSIONIST MISSIONS,
INC.

MONASTERY PLACE,
UNION CITY, N. J.

Contents Copyrighted
in the Library of
Congress.



SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year - - - \$2.00
Three Years - - - \$5.00
Life - - - - - \$50.00

CANADA: 25c Extra
FOREIGN: 50c Extra

All Checks and Money
Orders Should Be Made
Payable to THE SIGN.
Cash Should Be Sent
in Registered Letters.

Volume Nine

April, 1930

Number Nine

Current Fact and Comment

The Empty Tomb

THE recurrence of Easter serves to focus the attention of the world on the empty tomb of Christ. That empty tomb is the proof of the truth of the Christian Religion.

Christ died an awful death. His enemies saw to that. Apparently He was a colossal failure. But He prophesied both His death and His resurrection: "I lay down my life that I may take it up again."

Each took place. He was buried in the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea. The Sanhedrim sealed the tomb and set guards "lest His disciples come and steal Him away, and say to the people: He is risen from the dead; and the last error shall be worse than the first."

But despite the care of the Jewish leaders, Christ rose triumphant from the grave on the morning of the third day. He appeared to the Holy Women, to Mary Magdalen, to the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, and to the eleven in the Upper Room—all on the same day. When He entered into the Upper Room, where his disciples had hid themselves "for fear of the Jews," He did so through closed doors. He ate and drank and spoke. No phantom was He, but the very same who hung upon the Cross and was buried in the tomb. The marks of the nails and the spear were still in His Sacred Flesh. "See My hands and feet, that it is I Myself; handle and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see Me to have!"

This marvelous fact is the basis of the truth of Christianity, and the proof of all Christ's claims. "If Christ be not risen, then is my preaching vain, and your faith is also vain, and you are still in your sins," says St. Paul.

There have been many founders of religions, who came in Christ's name, but without His authority; spirits of error, lying prophets, and seducers of the people. The sects formed by these men can never merit

the assent of rational men. There is no proof of their genuineness. When asked what would be necessary to successfully establish a new religion, Napoleon answered: "to be crucified and rise again the third day!"

No one but Christ ever rose from the grave by his own power. His tomb alone "will have nothing to send forth at the end of time." Therefore Christ's religion, and *only* His religion is true. Impressed on His teaching, and the Church which He established with such great pains, is the seal of divinity. All other religions are shams and counterfeits.

Bigotry in Harriman, N. Y.

MISS MULHOLLAND of Plattsburg, N. Y., applied for a position in the public school of Harriman, N. Y. She passed the academic test satisfactorily, but failed to answer the question concerning her religious belief. Because it was found that she belonged to the Catholic Church she was refused an assignment. Mr. Hoffman, principal, so stated in his letter to her.

This is discrimination which violates both the letter and the spirit of our Constitution. It is un-American to the lowest degree. The citizens of Harriman have a right to know whether Mr. Hoffman spoke in his own name, or in the name and under the direction of the Board of Education of Monroe County.

Frank Watson, President of the Board of Education, issued a public apology over Mr. Hoffman's bigotry. He admitted that Mr. Hoffman displayed "little tact," and "should Miss Mulholland again apply for a position as teacher I shall see that she is appointed. In the future we shall be *more careful not to discriminate* against teachers who embrace the Catholic Faith."

Is this an apology for Mr. Hoffman's "little tact," or an apology for his unmitigated bigotry? Mr. Watson does not promise that there shall be no more bigotry in the matter of appointing teachers to the public schools, but that "we shall be more careful not to discriminate." Does this mean that hereafter, when the principals of schools wish to deny a Catholic teacher a position, it shall be done with more "tact"? We fear that the same discrimination is being applied in other places in this country, but that it is done with more tact than Mr. Hoffman displayed.

If such things as happened in Harriman are done in other places, the School Boards which so discriminate on account of an applicant's religion, should be disciplined and punished by higher authorities. Our Catholic taxpayers, who must contribute to the support of the public schools, should rise in vigorous protest. The citizens of Harriman, especially, should not rest until this matter is settled, and settled right.

Death Summons Archabbot Aurelius

THE icy hand of death has stilled the heart of Archabbot Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B., of St. Vincent's Archabbey of Beatty, Pa. He had the distinction of being the only Archabbot in the United States.

Archabbot Aurelius was a great Churchman and Educator. His work in the field of education was marked with signal success. Under his regime as President, St. Vincent's College at Beatty grew in merit and prestige. His ability as an educator was recognized by the Holy Father, when the Supreme Pontiff named him Chancellor of the University of Peking, which is under the direction of the Benedictines of St. Vincent's Archabbey. This office exacted great labor of him, but he put his whole being into making the Institution the outstanding Catholic University of China. It may have been on account of his exertions in this noble endeavor, which contributed in a great measure to his premature death. Sunday after Sunday found him soliciting funds for the support of this work.

Not only was Archabbot Aurelius a great Churchman and Educator, but he was one of nature's noblemen. A quiet, unassuming priest, a model Religious, a beloved Superior, the Archabbot was one among thousands. He was a true disciple of Christ. "In all the time I knew him," said Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland, in his funeral oration, "I never heard him speak one unkind word." We substantiate that testimony. If "by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" be true, then Archabbot Aurelius has surely received a favorable sentence from his Lord and Master.

The Passionist Fathers hold his memory in benediction. He was the soul of charity and courtesy in his relations with them. They sympathize with the widowed community of St. Vincent's, and offer them the assurance of their prayers.

We have seen no finer estimate of his character than these words, which appeared in the *Pittsburgh Catholic*: "in the death of the Archabbot the Diocese of Pittsburgh has lost an illustrious son, the Catholic University of Peking a tireless worker, the Emma Farm a solicitous father, the Retreat Movement a zealous advocate, St.

Vincent's College an erudite scholar, the Archabbey a great spiritual father and leader, the Benedictine Order an exemplary and faithful monk, and Holy Mother Church a gracious son and noble defender."

May he rest in peace!

Hunan's New Prefect

WORD has been received from Rome that Rev. Fr. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., has been appointed Prefect of the Passionist Missions in Hunan, in place of Monsignor Dominic Langenbacher, C.P., who resigned last year.

Father, now Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, was born in Ottawa, Canada, on April 1, 1886. His father was a distinguished jurist of the District Court of Ottawa. Monsignor Cuthbert made a brilliant course of studies, graduating from the University of Ottawa.

After his college course, Monsignor Cuthbert began his studies for the secular priesthood in the Grand Seminary at Montreal. While there he became acquainted with the Passionists through Rev. Fr. Valentine, C.P., who conducted a retreat for the seminarians. He was singularly attracted to the work and spirit of the Passionist Order. He applied for admission and was accepted. His bishop was loath to leave him go, but finally consented, realizing that his loss was the Order's gain.

Monsignor Cuthbert made his profession as a Passionist in 1914, and was ordained to the Holy Priesthood in 1915. After his ordination he was engaged in teaching the Passionist students. As professor of Canon Law, Sacred Theology, and Sacred Scripture, he made an enviable record. For a time he was Associate Editor of THE SIGN.

In 1924 Monsignor Cuthbert volunteered for the Foreign Mission, and was accepted. When he arrived in China he was first placed in charge of our seminary in Chenchowfu. Two years ago he was given his first assignment as Pastor of the Mission at Wuki.

He brings to his new office talent, learning, and experience—no small assets for a position which demands so much in facing problems of major importance.

THE SIGN wishes Monsignor Cuthbert every success in his arduous undertaking, and bespeaks the prayers of our readers and his many friends for God's abundant blessing on his work in Hunan, China.

Passion Plays

THIS year is Passion Play year at Oberammergau. Thousands of tourists will visit the scene of the historic play amid the mountains of Bavaria. The thoughts and emotions which will be aroused at the sight of the portrayal of Christ's sufferings will remain long with them, and color the stream of their life. The remembrance of the solemn drama, enacted by the devout citizens of Oberammergau, whose lives are wrapped up in the decennial drama, will be an influence in the lives of these visitors from afar, elevating their ideals to high levels, and clarifying their vision of supernatural things.

To others less fortunate than those able to make the

pilgrimage to distant Oberammergau there are opportunities afforded to witness Passion Plays at home. In several cities throughout the United States these plays are given during the Lenten season. The success with which these sacred dramas are quite generally rewarded is an added impetus to continue their presentation, for the sake of bringing home to people distracted with the manifold interests of this world, the eternal fact that Christ Jesus died on Good Friday for the sins of all mankind, and that there is no hope of eternal life save in the Cross.

It may interest our readers to know that the Passionist Fathers of St. Joseph's Parish, Union City, N. J., have been giving a Passion Play, called "Veronica's Veil," for the past sixteen years. Filled with zeal for the spread of devotion to Our Lord's Sufferings, Fr. Bernadine, C.P., conceived the drama as a means of turning men's minds to Calvary and the Cross. His efforts have been rewarded beyond measure. Since the first presentation of "Veronica's Veil" over 500 performances have been given. It is estimated that about 500,000 persons have witnessed this play, which is staged every Lent. 300 take part in it. Competent witnesses have praised it highly among whom is Anton Lang, Christus of the Passion Play of Oberammergau. Bishop Walsh of Newark has given the play his hearty recommendation. "Veronica's Veil" has been aptly termed "America's Oberammergau."

Sisters in Hunan

THE readers of THE SIGN are familiar with the work being done by the Passionist Fathers in the Province of Hunan, China. The letters which appear monthly keep our readers well informed of the progress of the faith in that large section, covering 15,400 square miles. But the labors of the Sisters who are engaged in our mission field are not so well known.

Five Sisters of Charity and seven Sisters of St. Joseph have gone to the Passionist Mission in Hunan. The Sisters of Charity are from Convent Station, N. J. They were the first to volunteer to aid our missionaries. The Sisters of St. Joseph are attached to the community of Baden, Pa.

To both Sisterhoods the Passionist Fathers have a large debt of gratitude. Without their able and generous assistance the progress of the faith would be severely handicapped. The charity exercised by the Sisters towards the minds and bodies of the Chinese, in the way of instruction and medical aid, are potent means of conveying the Catholic Faith to their souls. Charity speaks a language which the most antagonistic can understand. And the Sisters speak that language. They have entered into their work with an admirable spirit of zeal and sacrifice. Their good cheer in the face of trial and discouragement is a source of inspiration to the Fathers in the field.

THE SIGN wishes to thank these Sisters and their Superiors for their cooperation. When Sisters are so much needed at home the Superiors of these institutes have sacrificed their subjects for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ in a pagan land. The Passionist Fathers have a debt of gratitude not only to the Sisters and their immediate Superiors, but also to the Bishops of Newark and Pittsburg, without whose permission they could not

have gone to China. Both dioceses have aided our missions, not only in sending these noble women, but also in consistently and generously contributing towards their financial support. The Bishops of Newark and Pittsburgh, the Directors of the Propagation of the Faith, and the laity, have entered into the spirit of foreign mission work, and as a result our missions have benefitted greatly.

Christian Education

THE English translation of the Pope's Encyclical on Christian Education is now available. It has been printed in the Catholic newspapers and magazines. It may also be obtained in pamphlet form from the N. C. W. C., of Washington, D. C.

A careful reading of the translated text served to allay the hostile attitude which some editors took to the quotations which were sent to them. The Editor of the N. Y. Times, especially, was hasty to manifest his concern for the safety of our public school system, and, as a consequence, for the preservation of democratic institutions. He may have forgotten that George Washington, the Father of our country, in his Farewell Address to the citizens of our beloved land, warned them: "let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

The Times editor's grave concern was shown to be unwarranted by many who are as solicitous for the welfare of the Republic as the editor. The Encyclical in its official English dress confirms the statements of those who claimed that the document was not in any way destructive of the public schools. It simply restated with marvelous clarity and convincing logic what the Holy See has always maintained, namely, that education is defective, dangerous, and destructive of all true progress, unless religion is embodied in the child's daily training. Children must be made to realize that religion and morality are not adjuncts of life, but of its very substance.

The Pontiff insists that human beings are destined for a supernatural end, and, therefore, that education should fit the individual to live a life which will enable him to attain that end. To turn out scholars, scientists, professional men, who are that and nothing more, might be alright in a commonwealth which denies God and repudiates religion, such as Soviet Russia. But since God is both the beginning and the end, the Alpha and Omega, of all life, then common sense, as well as religion, should see to it that men are taught not only how to make a living in this world, but also how to merit everlasting salvation.

The editor of the *Monitor* of Mt. Vernon, Ga., (presumably no ardent admirer of the Pope), sums up the whole content of the papal document when he says: "common sense dictates to the mind of a reasonable man that the Pope is right in this matter of education. Experience of nations past upholds his position . . . We Protestants are daily crushing Christian Education in our own very midst. It wouldn't hurt us to heed some sound advice, even though it does come from the Pope of Rome."

Let all Catholics heed it likewise.

Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

PRACTICAL A B C

Times change and rhymes with them. Our old alphabetical rhymes have been superseded by more modern ones. The following rhymed alphabet from the pen of "Lucio" is taken from *The Manchester Guardian*:

Come here, little fathead, and sit down by me,
And let us run over your new A B C,
Whereby we impress on the immature mind
Some facts of a modern, more practical kind.

A is for Axle, and Adding Machine,
B is for Bankrupt who hasn't a Bean;
C is for Carbon, Crank, Car, Carburetor,
D's for Debenture or Dollar or Debtor;
E's for Exchequer and office Equipment,
F is for Freight on a Foreigner's shipment;
G is for Gasoline, Gadget, and Gear,
H is the Hooter or Horn that we Hear;
I is for Inquest (as everyone knows);
J is the Joy-ride from which it arose;
K is for Kinema, Keyboard, and Keel;
L is for Limousine, wealth at the wheel;
M is for Money (and never you doubt it!);
N is the Nothing you count for without it;
O's Overdrawn, an embarrassing state,
P is the Payment that Puts the thing straight;
Q is for Quota and Quorum and Quid—
R is for Rum sort of terms for a kid;
S is the Screen that is Silent and mute;
T is the Talkies now hot in pursuit;
U is for Usury, not a nice word,
Value received would perhaps be preferred;
W stands for this World and its Ways;
X, I imagine, is merely X-rays;
Y is for Yen, which the Japanese chink,
And Z is for Zeppelin, Zion, and Zinc.

The ground is thus covered from A unto Z,
So get all these facts in your silly young head;
And when you have finished you should be a more
Inquisitive nuisance than ever before.

WRITING ON RICE

Collier's describes the remarkable feat performed by Mr. E. L. Blystone, of Ardara, Pa.:

From the richly talented Mr. E. L. Blystone of Ardara, Pennsylvania, we have received eleven grains of rice. On each, he has written in ink and with pen the full name, college and playing position of a member of *Collier's* All-American Football Team. In addition, Mr. Blystone has autographed each grain.

It was a labor of love. He asks us to forward the grains to the lads and adds that he chose rice for his tablets because Grantland Rice supervised the picking of the team. Neat, we call it.

Ordinary mortals like ourselves require fine glasses to read the writing on the rice, but it's there as clear as the large inscription over the courthouse door. Mr. Blystone is one of our truly extraordinary friends. He once wrote twelve hundred letters on a single grain of rice. It may be viewed in the editorial offices of the "Rice Journal," Crowley, Louisiana.

To say nothing of his writing the Lord's Prayer once within a circle the size of a common pin head and thirty-two times within the circumference of a dime. Other details are that Mr. Blystone has no fingers on his left hand and wears no glasses for rice writing, although "for real fine work" he sometimes uses a low-power magnifying glass.

DINING AL FRESCO

This gate-keeper has a unique dining place. He will eat in safety, unless a special comes through. From *Topics of the Times*:

There is a spirit that would appeal to philosophers in Alexander Mazzone, the Long Island gatekeeper. Between noon and 12:45 no trains pass his crossing. That is fortunate, because he is no believer in a lunch-counter civilization.

He prefers to take his ease, if not at his inn—his tower by the side of the track is only two feet by four, hardly spacious enough for proper hospitality—then in the open. For nine months he has placed his table between the tracks, covered it with immaculate napery, decked it with flowers, turned on a little opera music on his Victrola and dined at leisure.

The *World* does well to publish his story, with his picture. He looks happy. He has managed to dignify his job and to lift it out of the routine. He appears to be enjoying life while living it.

It will be admitted that if every gateman on Long Island were to imitate his example there might be trouble in fixing the train schedules in such a way as to avoid interference with the various lunch hours. But so long as Alexander tends his gates faithfully it is to be hoped that the railroad won't interfere with his eating habits.

PREACHER STICK TO THE GOSPEL

These words of Dr. Clarence Edward Macartney, of Pittsburgh, former moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, at the installation of his brother, Dr. Albert J. Macartney, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, in Washington, deserve to be read and acted upon by all those whose office it is to preach the gospel. But they are specially applicable to those ministers who claim to be interpreters of Christianity and yet do everything but that. We are indebted to the *New York Sun* for the following account:

"The minister who preaches the gospel will never play out," he said. "He has a message which cannot fade. If he sets up as a book reviewer, or a lecturer on current events and contemporary politics, or as sort of a second hand dealer in somebody else's guess or theory or scientific hypothesis, sooner or later he will play out."

"A young preacher once went to David Swing, the poet-preacher of Chicago, many years ago, and asked him what he should do to get a congregation on Sunday. He said: 'I have tried history, biography, literature, poetry, book reviews, politics; but the people won't come. What shall I do?' Swing responded: 'Suppose now you try the gospel.'"

"We must not be deceived by the glitter and glamour of the material and mechanical side of our modern civiliza-

tion. These are but surface things. Automobiles, radios, moving pictures, airplanes and all the wonderful devices of modern life are no index to the hidden life of the soul. Who can measure the sadness and sorrow, the tragedy and sin of our modern life? Only the Gospel of redemption can reach it or touch it.

"You can't feed hungry souls with the sawdust of theories and guesses; you can't comfort broken hearts by telling them in gilded rhetoric that what they used to believe, or their fathers once believed, now must be 'reinterpreted,' or, in plain English, abandoned. You cannot light the pathway of man across the void of dread and darkness with the flitting phosphorescence of a brilliant aphorism. No! In the straits of the soul, the only message is the old message of Calvary, the story of repentance and salvation and regeneration through faith in Christ.

"Those who deal in the by-products of Christianity and attract congregations by what they deny, rather than by what they affirm, are like skyrockets, which go up and spray the night for a little moment with their light, and then come down and leave the world in darkness as it was before. But they who proclaim the Everlasting Gospel are like the stars. The stars shine on in the depth of the heavens after the skyrockets have been forgotten."

TACTFUL TOMMY

The following incident, from the New York Evening Post, has a bit of humor in it, but, we fear, a bit of a warning besides.

Arthur Griffith-Boscawen in his book, "Memories," tells a story about a Tommy in France during the World War, whose French was confined to "Oui, oui," "Pas bon," and "Na poo," and who was bent on marrying a French girl whose knowledge of English was not much more extensive. Bishop Gwynne, the Episcopal Chaplain-General of the Forces, questioned the soldier regarding the union. "What about religion?" he asked. "You know you are a good Churchman; but she—is she not a Roman Catholic?" "That's all right," was Tommy's reassuring reply. "She was a Roman Catholic; but I have explained it all to her, and now she has joined our Church."

ST. FRANCIS AND THE STIGMATA

Many critics of the lives of the Saints, especially those who were favored with the stigmata, find it hard to believe that such marks of divine approbation are worth considering. But G. K. Chesterton, in his interesting book, "St. Francis of Assisi," shows that the impression of the stigmata is of the very substance of a Saint's life:

Sceptics refer to the ascetism of Alverno almost hurriedly, as if it were an unlucky but undeniable blot on the beauty of the story; or rather as if it were a pitiable break-down and pathos at the end of the story. Now this is simply to be stone-blind to the whole point of any story. To represent Mount Alverno as the mere collapse of Francis is exactly like representing Mount Calvary as the mere collapse of Christ. To treat the Stigmata as a sort of scandal, to be touched on tenderly but with pain, is exactly like treating the original five wounds of Jesus Christ as five blots on His character. You may dislike the idea of ascetism; you may dislike equally the idea of martyrdom; for that matter you may have an honest and natural dislike of the whole conception of sacrifice symbolized by the Cross. But if it is an intelligent dislike, you will still retain the capacity for seeing the point of a story; of the story of a martyr or even the story of a monk. You will not be able rationally to read the Gospel and regard the Crucifixion as an after-

thought or an anti-climax or an accident in the life of Christ; it is obviously the point of the story like the point of a sword, the sword that pierced the heart of the Mother of God.

And you will not be able rationally to read the story of a man presented as a Mirror of Christ without understanding his final phase as a Man of Sorrows, and at least artistically appreciating the appropriateness of his receiving, in a cloud of mystery and isolation, inflicted by no human hand, the unhealed everlasting wounds that healed the world.

HUMANE POLICE

The Associated Press furnishes us with this amusing instance of London policemen's solicitude for the suffering, when they should have been interested in catching thieves:

Motor robbers put one over on the London police today. The robbers had cleared a furrier's window taking with them as they fled the wax figure of a woman in a furcoat. When a pursuing police car drew uncomfortably close, the robbers threw the dummy out of their car.

The police car promptly ran over it and thinking the dummy was a real woman, the officers stopped. The face of the figure had been smeared with what appeared to be blood and by the time the policemen had discovered the hoax the robbers escaped.

CREEDS FREE OF DUTY

The Churchman gives the following interview between the famous female evangelist and newspaper reporters. Her remarks are not particularly interesting save in what she says about the new creeds.

Aimee Semple MacPherson, about to sail on her European evangelizing tour, talked gaily to a group of New York reporters.

"I hate these new creeds that spring up like mushrooms," she said. "My creed is, you know, an old one. It's based on the eternal verities."

"A friend of mine said to me in Los Angeles:

"'Maybe you'll pick up some new creeds over there in Europe, but you'll have to be careful about bringing them back—you know how hard it is to get things through the custom house.'"

"'Oh,' said I, 'there'd be no difficulty about that. These new creeds never have any duties attached to them.'"

WHY PEOPLE GIVE UP CHURCH

A certain prominent minister recently published an entertaining list of reasons "Why People Give Up the Church." To leave the church for these alleged reasons indicates the tenuous hold some of our non-Catholic brethren have on organized religion. We quote from *The Catholic Messenger*:

A man left a church and took his children out of Sunday school because the paper napkins for the Sunday school picnic were not bought at his store. Another man went home from church one Sunday morning much angered by something he had heard in the sermon and told his wife and children that as long as that particular clergyman had charge, he would never set foot inside of that church again. Because he arrived rather late at an oyster supper, given by the ladies of the church, and was served with oyster soup in which there were no oysters, caused a man to withdraw from the church and compel his family to do likewise. A woman left one church and affiliated herself with another merely because in the latter church they had the "dear old

family prayers" at an afternoon service during Lent. A certain lady became very angry with her clergyman because on the Sunday before Advent he did not preach "the fragment sermon," that is a sermon on the text, "Gather up the fragments that remain." Merely because she "just loved the litany and burial service" of the Episcopal Church a certain old lady joined that denomination, while another one joined that denomination "just because the Episcopal Church believes in dancing." A certain woman of "the old school" refused to attend her own church any longer after it had been redecorated, and refurnished. "A hardwood floor," she explained, "is too High Church for me."

WOMEN'S WHO'S WHO

The bold and enterprising Editor of *The Independent*, of Elizabeth City, N. C., published the following list in his newspaper. The women named seem to be real. For that reason we wonder whether or not he lived to get out another issue of his weekly.

Best Dressed—Mrs. Howard K. Kramer.
 Prettiest—Anna Hester Bobbitt.
 Most Striking—Mrs. Buxton White.
 Most Handsome—Mrs. Walter L. Small.
 Most Ambitious—Mrs. J. C. B. Ehrinehaus.
 Most Outspoken—Mrs. Robert Whitehurst.
 Most Emphatic Woman—Olive Owens.
 Proudest—Mrs. Cam Melick.
 Most Grammatical—Mrs. P. W. McMullan.
 Peppiest—Mrs. L. E. Skinnere.
 Best Business Woman—Mary Lou Sawyer.
 Busiest Woman—Sallie Boettcher.
 Most Persistent Woman—Mrs. Mary Fearing.
 Fattest—Valeria Scott.
 Thinnest—Mrs. Elizabeth Munden.
 Best Church Worker—Mrs. Lennie O'Neal.
 Most Musical—Mrs. I. M. Meekins.
 Best Home Manager—Mrs. J. W. Foreman.
 Most Pious—Mrs. M. Leigh Sheep.
 Most Democratic—Mrs. Oscar McMullan.
 Most Exasperating—The telephone operator who gives you a ring after midnight and says "Wrong number."
 Most Theatrical—Ruth White Parker.
 Most Cheerful—Mrs. Harold Freman.
 Most Patriotic—Miss Margaret Hollowell.
 Most Popular—Bessie Stewart.
 Best Mixer—Mrs. Alice Grice.
 Most Friendly—Mary Tarkington.
 Most Industrious—Mrs. Arthur Mann.
 Cutest—Marie Connery.
 Merriest Widow—Exie Bowden.
 Most Artistic—Mrs. William J. Woodley, Jr.
 Most Athletic—Virginia Flora Hall.
 Most Dignified—Mrs. A. L. Pendleton.
 Most Interested—Misses Eldora and Bettie Sampson.
 Most Patient Wife—Mrs. M. L. Sanderlin.
 Wealthiest—Mrs. C. O. Robinson.
 Most Intellectual—Mrs. Marshall H. Jones.
 Most Cosmopolitan—Mrs. A. B. Houtz.
 Most Serene—Mrs. H. S. Willey.
 Best Cook—Mrs. Edson Carr.
 Thriftiest—Mrs. Wm. E. Dunstan.
 Most Helpful—Mrs. Fannie Walker.
 Most Jealous—Mrs. George W. Haskett.
 Tallest—Mrs. Roscoe Foreman.
 Shortest—Mrs. Eleanor Hall Ives.

We could name the meanest, the most peculiar, the most gossipy, the most homely, the silliest, craziest, most snobbish, most hellish and the most anxious women, but we desire to live to get out another issue of *The Independent*.

FUN FROM THE PRESS

"Won't you give a shilling to the Lord?" said a Salvation Army girl to an old Aberdonian.

"How auld are ye, lassie?" he inquired.

"Nineteen, sir."

"Ah, weel, I'm past seventy-five. I'll be seein' Him afore you, so I'll hand it to Him mysel'."—*Times of India*.

"Do you know," said the successful merchant pompously, "that I began life as a barefoot boy?"

"Well," said the clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on, either."—*Christian Advocate*.

A BOTTLE AND A PILLAR

There is a touch of pathos in this account of the discovery of a bottle hidden in a pillar away back in 1905, which is just 25 years ago. From *The New York World*:

"You were never in my cafe? Well, that's too bad. I suppose you were too young. Don't suppose you ever heard of me before. But everybody knew Jake Wolff in those days. And my cafe, the Casino Cafe, was one of the most famous in the city—right there in the theatre building, you know, all across the corner there at 39th Street and Broadway. The lobby wasn't so big then. It's too bad you were never there.

"Well, it was in 1905, after the big fire in the theatre. And I was hanging around one day watching the workmen, and I saw this sort of pillar they were putting up in the auditorium, one of the balcony supports. There was an open place in it, before they put the—you know—not cement, it wasn't—around the outside.

"So I took this quart of Old Overholt, and I wrapped it all up in—you know—champagne straw—and put it down inside this pillar when there wasn't anybody looking. Yes, that was in 1905. Why? Oh, I don't know—I just thought some one would find it some time after I was gone.

"Well, then when I heard they were going to tear the old theatre down I remembered this quart of rye, and I went around and I talked to some of the workmen and I got friendly with one of them and told him about it, and he said he'd watch and let me know when they got around to that part of the theatre. So this morning we went around and there it was. The bottle was about three-quarters full. Some of it had got away. Yes, there's still some left. You'd better step into my room at the Hotel Manger some day, young man.

"You were never in my cafe, you said? That's too bad. I had one of the most famous collections of actors' pictures in the world on the wall—about 5,000 of them. Lost most of them in the fire.

"Then in 1905, after the fire, I put this bottle of whiskey in that pillar. It was ten years old then, and that was twenty-five years ago. Yes, it tastes very good, very good. I had a permit to take it out—a permit. From down in Washington. A friend got it for me.

"Well, I've done a little of everything since then. Since Prohibition—different kinds of things—the moving pictures—always sort of hoping for the time to come back when I could start in again. But I guess now maybe—well, anyhow, I don't think I'll see that time. But it's hard to say, it's hard to say.

"I'm seventy-nine. Born in '51, September 3. Seventy-nine my next birthday. Yes, it tasted very good. You stop into my hotel room some time, young man, you'll see. I'm sorry I don't hear you very well on the 'phone. I have a bad cold—standing around there near the old theatre all last week out in the cold. Yes, thank you, young man, thank you. And young man—you'd better come around to see me soon or else"—

The Red Blossom of New France

KATERI (CATHERINE) TEKAKWITHA: 1680-1930

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

IN THAT radiant tableau of the heavenly elect, Kateri Tekakwitha must stand close to her sponsor, Isaac Jogues. Nowhere has the transfusion of God's grace from missionary to convert been so regenerative as in the case of this Iroquois virgin, the 250th anniversary of whose death occurs April 17, 1930. Born in the bark village of Gandawague, on the breast of the Mohawk River, in a cabin outside of which fell the hatchet-hacked body of Jogues ten years before, Tekakwitha lived the life of an ascetic in the green cloister of the forest and died with prayer upon her darkening lips.

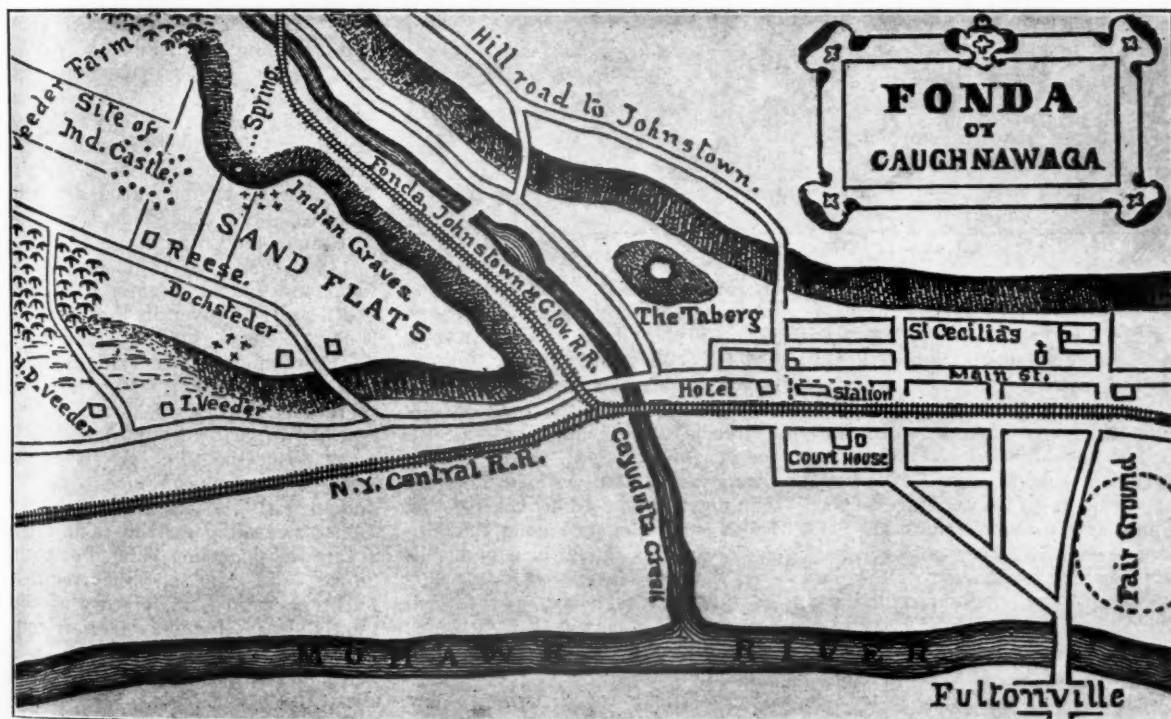
Jogues, the first martyr-Jesuit to plant the Cross among glistening Mohawk tomahawks, was Tekakwitha's real deliverer; yet those striding "blackgowns" of the French settlements—Brebeuf, the paralytic, clawing at frozen roots, lost in the snow; Garnier, dying in an ice crater; the soft-mannered Gabriel Lalemant, a

blazing bundle rolling in agony—were also transmitters of grace to Tekakwitha, for her own kindred, purple-bodied Mohawk braves, had tortured these very missionaries. The words of Tertullian, "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christianity," were never so reverberant with meaning as in the story of Kateri Tekakwitha, "the Lily of the Mohawks." We call her "The Red Blossom" because while her life was a complete unit of sanctity, the short span of it gives off an immature bloom.

In 1656, the copper-skinned papoose, later called Tekakwitha or "one who approaches moving something before her," according to the philologist Cuq, still later christened Catherine, Indianized into Kateri, was born in the Mohawk village of Gandawague in the vicinity of Fonda. Her Mohawk father was the captor of a gentle Algonquin who later be-

came his wife and Tekakwitha's mother. The Algonquin had the humble bearing of a Christian, for she had been baptized at Three Rivers in Canada. She worried for her children, this baby and an older boy. The great Rawennio, the God of the "blackgowns," of the pearly water and fleecy skins—would He protect them as He had protected her? Gandawague knew not the prayerful tranquility of Three Rivers. The footprints of Father Lemoyne, who braved Mohawk hostility from 1635 to 1658, were blotted out under the stamping of savages in the War Dance, the heathen atmosphere which he tried to purify with Benediction incense thickened with smoke from human sacrifices.

WHEN Tekakwitha was four years old small-pox brought death to her father, to the gentle mother, and finally to her brother. Although impaired in eyesight so markedly as to lead to the adoption of her name, she



SITE OF CAUGHNAWAGA CASTLE, ALSO CALLED ST. PETER'S MISSION, WHERE KATERI WAS BAPTIZED IN 1676.



KATERI (CATHERINE) TEKAKWITHA.

was spared and sheltered by an uncle, a giant Chief of growling temper and slippery hatchet, for the Jesuit, unsympathetic aunts and an adopted sister.

As a young maid she was modest, shy, withdrawn into a secret self alien to the bronze body housing it, an Indian without vanity. She wore the wampum girdle, her fingers were humpy with turquoise rings, her ears were jewelled and her tar-black hair well greased; yet it was to please her vain aunts that she ornamented her person. She had a strange aversion for the natural callings of her Indian nature.

IN OCTOBER, 1666, Lord de Tracy, determined to scatter the feathers of every Mohawk in the Val-

ley, led 600 soldiers and Huron and Algonquin Indians down Lake George and upon the village of Gandawague. Of the palisaded villages, Gandawague, Andegoron and Tionnontogen, the latter was the most stoutly fortified; so at Tionnontogen the Indians foregathered for defense. Gandawague and Andagoron were soon destroyed by a hurricane of fire. To ease movements among the Mohawk warriors the women and children were hidden in the woods nearby. Before the muzzles of French cannon the Mohawks fled terrified, leaving de Tracy in possession of Tionnontogen.

Tekakwitha, rolled tight in her blanket, heard her first Christian sound and beheld her first Christian symbol. The French army sang the

majestic *Te Deum*, and this unfamiliar chant stimulated her already alert sense of hearing. She next saw a gaunt cross raised against the horizon in the center of Tionnontogen. Father Raffeix, the French army chaplain, as he lifted consecrating hands at field Mass in Tionnontogen, prayed for those Indians couched in hiding in the nearby woods.

TEKAKWITHA'S family returned to Gandawague and after a spring of rebuilding huts and gathering corn and nuts, settled for a time before moving to Caughnawaga farther up the river. In July, 1667, Mohawk representatives traveled to Quebec to make peace with the Canadian settlers. When they returned to the Valley three Jesuit priests accompanied them, Fathers Fremin, Bruyas and Pierron. It was the advent of these missionaries that gave the upward, spiritual curve to the life of young Tekakwitha.

Because the Indian villagers, exuberant with pagan delight over rehabilitation, were holding wild revels, the three priests waited for this riotry to subside before starting missionary work. So they spent a weekend alone with Tekakwitha in her lodge at Gandawague. While the little hostess squatted on her rush mat stitching a chemise of moose skin with a needle made from the silvery bone of a deer's ankle, she watched her visitors at their religious devotions. She saw them strike their breasts in contrition. She saw them kiss beads wound around their knuckles. She saw them kneel before an ebony crucifix.

Timidly she asked to pray with them and Father Fremin composed a little girl's prayer in the Iroquois language. She asked to know more of Rawenniio so the Fathers took turns instructing her. They left her, regretting that this labor of salvation had to yield to other missionary work. But the three priests left a legacy of new-born grace with the Indian girl. Their robes had no sooner swept the earthen cabin floor in farewell than she pondered on their tidings of religion. She recalled Father Fremin's tragic story of the saintly Isaac Jogues. Her friend, Anastasia Tegonhatsihongo, a Christian convert, had also often told the tale.

For eight years, from the evening the Jesuits sought shelter in the Mohawk lodge to the Easter of her bap-

tism in 1676, Tekakwitha showed no desire of embracing Christianity. Yet God's grace was silvering her soul.

The family moved to the new lodge at Caughnawaga and it was during these years of adolescence that the activities of the missionaries influenced Tekakwitha's thought, sharpened her perceptions. Father Pierron, returned to Caughnawaga, dedicated his artist's brush to Christ, painting gay religious panels for curious groups. He trained the piping voices of children to climb up in melody and sing Iroquois hymns. He erected a chapel and placed it under the robust patronage of Saint Peter. At Christmas, when holly berries decked the forest in red buttons, Father Boniface constructed a crib in the chapel and in it laid a rough-cast statue of the Baby Christ. After a sermon in pantomime Tekakwitha saw the Indian sorcerers throw their rattles into the fire.

News, tripping down from Canada on Iroquois tongues, that influenced Tekakwitha in the direction of conversion, was the baptism at Quebec of that high-sitting, revered Onondaga Chief, Garacontie. This news was followed by the departure from Caughnawaga of Kryn, "the great Mohawk," to the Christian retreat of La Prairie in Canada. In branching headdress of scarlet feathers, Kryn declared that he was leaving his bad habits to begin another life advised by the "black-gowns." Tekakwitha was further roused by the farewell of her adopted sister and Anastasia Tegonhatsihonga, who left for the Mission at St. Francois Xavier du Sault near Montreal.

Tekakwitha suffered petty persecution at the hands of her uncle and aunts for adhering to her resolution not to marry. She did not realize that in her soul lay the precious pearl of vocation but she felt that some power guarded her purity. Her aunt accused her of disloyalty to her race. At one time she was almost forcibly married to a stalwart Indian but she repulsed his sinewy hand and left her lodge for a time. She was now 18 years old. One fresh morning Father de Lamberville, successor to Father Boniface, strolled past her cabin, his head drooped in meditation. He did not loiter, knowing that even his shadow would stir the ire of the Chief inside. But as he passed the slim-figured Tekakwitha beckoned him back. She was alone. She had

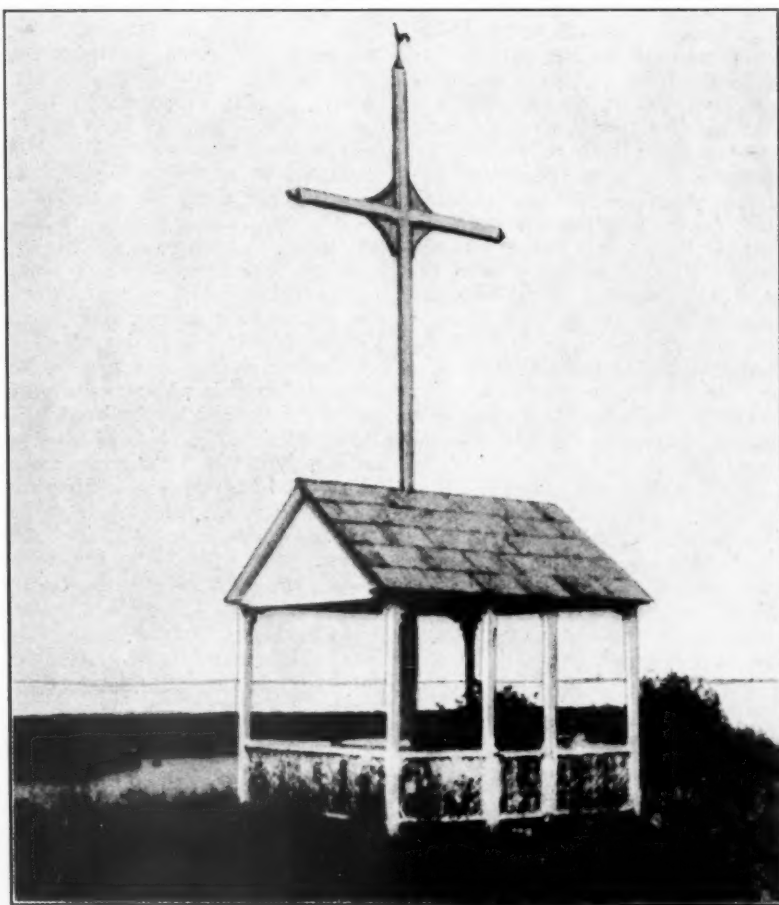
bruised her foot and was nursing it. Father de Lamberville squatted under the pendulum ears of corn hanging from ridge poles in the lodge. Soon Tekakwitha had confided her hidden wish to the Jesuit—to become a Christian like Kryn and Garacontie. The Father reminded her that embracing the Faith meant trial and suffering, perhaps death. But she was firm. She would brave all for Rawennio.

Subsequently Father de Lamberville divided her days into religious preparation for Baptism. Daily she attended prayers in St. Peter's little chapel. She learned the responses quickly and when she crossed herself the gesture was ceremonious with meaning. She sat, a diligent catechist, at the feet of the "blackgown," listening to vivid Bible stories.

Easter Sunday, 1676, was a day of special sunrise for Tekakwitha, the day on which her Indian name was to be prefixed by the Christian name, Catherine, in holy baptism. St.

Peter's chapel almost collapsed that Easter morning with the crush of Indian women against the bark sides, all eager to show respect to the Mohawk daughter. The entrance was a bonnet of greens and blossoms. Inside, the walls were hung with shaggy elk skins, the floor was spongy with buffalo hides, and sky blue wild flowers loaned color and perfume to the altar. When the neophyte appeared at the entrance Father de Lamberville escorted her to the altar. There he asked her, "Catherine, what dost thou ask of the Church of God?" In meek undertone she answered, "Faith." The salt was laid upon her tongue, the water poured upon her head and the heathen Tekakwitha became the Christian Catherine. Her shoulders were then misted in a veil and a lighted taper placed in her hand. To the movement of an Iroquois hymn sung by an Indian choir of boy sopranos she walked slowly out.

Kateri, as she was now known, spent her life in an isolated harmony



THE TOMB OF CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA.



TEKAKWITHA'S SPRING.

of prayer for around her was discord—contempt on the part of her uncle, slander from her aunts. She would not labor in the fields on Sundays and for this license her uncle deprived her of the daily ration of sagamite. The word "Christian" was not only a sinister echo in the Chief's black heart but a hiss between his teeth at his niece. But it was the serpent play of her aunt, who accused her of having sinned with her husband, that finally loosened Kateri's feet in escape and flight to Sault St. Louis, the new Caughnawaga in Canada. In all the trouble she sought the soothing Father de Lamberville and it was he who advised her to leave.

IN THE priest's hut she met "Hot Ashes," her deliverer. This iron-boned Indian, a visitor from the Sault, with the sober light of Christianity in his dark eyes, was expiating his sin of participation in the execution of the saintly Brebeuf by exhorting his friends to adopt Christianity and return with him to the French mission. He sympathized with the over-burdened Kateri and it was decided that she should sail away under the paddle of "Hot Ashes" and two companions, an Indian from Lorette mission and her brother-in-law, to the new Caughnawaga settlement above the Lachine rapids in Canada.

In the cool of the evening, while her uncle and aunts were away, Tekakwitha stepped lightly into the canoe. Close to a packet of medals in her bosom lay a letter from Father de Lamberville to Father Cholenac, henceforth to be her spiritual guardian. It read: "Catherine Tekakwitha goes to dwell at the Sault . . . You will soon know the treasure that we give you. Guard it well! . . ." In the harvest month of 1677, when the autumn air was crisply sweet with seedy odors, Kateri arrived at the Sault and was welcomed to the lodge of Anastasia who also sheltered Kateri's sister and her husband.

Anastasia's strict spiritual observances early taught the pliable Tekakwitha the blistering way of the ascetic. Kateri spent her time at the older woman's side, learning the Commandments, inclining her head at the twang of the Angelus. Here in the pure air of religion a multitude of prayers thrived on the lips of the Christian Indians; so she learned the salutatory Litanies of the Blessed Virgin and the lovely petal of prayer clinging to each rosary bead, the "Hail, Mary!" She spent hours before the gilded Tabernacle and her frequent footsteps thither smoothed a private path from her cabin to the church.

In a forest alcove, brushed by the billowy skirts of the St. Lawrence, Kateri set up her own oratory. She

fashioned a tree into a road-side cross and like an Indian Magdalen knelt at its feet in caress. Upon the hinge of her piety turned an increasing desire for First Communion. Ordinarily the reception of the Sacrament was allowed only after several years preparation; but Father Cholenec beheld the bloom of sanctity upon the cheek of Tekakwitha and so allowed her to receive the Tiny Lord of Bethlehem on Christmas Day, shortly after her Easter baptism. Eligible for all means conducive to culture of soul she was next admitted into the Confraternity of the Holy Family.

THE drab ceremonies of Lent, especially the weeping climax of Calvary week, so affected Kateri that she repaired to penance with stoic, Indian endurance. She suffered ugly wounds from wearing a belt of iron peckets. She put coals from the hearth between her toes while she recited the "Hail, Mary!" In the December forest, safe from the watchful eye of Anastasia, who realized that the young convert was wrecking her health, Kateri removed her moccasins to walk, in frozen pain, through the snow. She sprinkled her food with ashes and in summer, when the squaws dropped the mantling blanket to the shoulders, Kateri still wore hers tightly bound about her head to thus suffer the heat more acutely.

Thérèse was the name of an Oneida convert also living at the Sault. She had soiled the early part of her life in pagan license and was animated, like Tekakwitha, but with more justification, with the spirit of penitence. The two first met under the white arch of the new chapel the Jesuits were erecting in Caughnawaga and immediately there was a cliché of sympathy between them.

While visiting Montreal, an untidy city of mission crosses and tall grass in 1678, the kindling idea of founding a convent on the Isle-aux-Hérons caught the enthusiasm of Kateri and Thérèse. That busy little queen bee of God, Marguerite Bourgeois, foundress of the cultural Congrégation de Notre Dame, received the visitors in her bare rooms in the Rue St. Paul. But when the two girls returned to Caughnawaga Father Fremin discouraged their plans for a convent. Their Faith was too immature to withstand the drain of organization.

Resolved to bleach their souls of

the slightest flecks of sin Kateri and Thérèse retreated to an abandoned shack in the cemetery, the decaying property of a French trader, and there scourged one another with rods until the blood oozed. Perceiving that Kateri was slowly declining with exhaustion under her self-imposed fasting and severe penance. Father Cholenec bade her desist. But already, at the prelude age of 24, the twinned spell of sickness and death was upon her.

Anastasia's counsel to Kateri to marry was blocked by the renunciatory answer, "I am not any longer my own. I have given myself entirely to Jesus Christ." The vow of perpetual virginity which she took on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin on March 25, 1679, sealed the question forever.

One of Kateri's last labors was to help with the burial of a little nephew. While she outlined the grave, someone oddly asked, "Where is your grave, Kateri?" and with a finger of prophecy she pointed to a spot nearby. A year later Father Cholenec, with no knowledge of how definitely she had located her last resting-place, buried her in the exact spot.

IN Lent, 1680, a slow fever burned through her emaciated body. To cheer her Father Cholenec brought his band of child catechists and instructed them by her bed-side, to supply that nourishment of soul that alone sustained her. The sick were usually carried on a bark stretcher to the chapel to receive Communion but in Kateri Father Cholenec knew the Lord would recognize a chosen one, and would prefer to come, Himself, the Good Shepherd to His Indian lamb. So he carried the fragile Host to the pallet of the dying girl. On Monday of Holy Week the priest, thinking she was dying, rose hurriedly to procure the oil of anointing. She restrained him saying she would not die then but later in the week.

On Good Friday, April 17th, 1680, her speech thickened with words to Thérèse, "I will love thee in Heaven." Thrice she repeated, "Jesus, I love Thee," her lip quivered spasmodically, and the gentle Kateri Tekakwitha died at the holy, commemorative hour of three o'clock. Her face, disfigured with disease and suffering, turned strangely beautiful shortly after death. A Jesuit version of this transformation is that "on her

virginal body was reflected in advance a small ray of the glory which was dawning on her soul."

Between Caughnawaga and La Prairie lies the shrine of Kateri Tekakwitha, a large slab of Barre granite with its tall, lean cross buffering the wind from the St. Lawrence below. The epitaph in cryptic Iroquois reads: *Onkwe Onwe-ke Kalsitsio Tewtsitsianekaron* (The

fairest flower that ever bloomed among the Redmen.) Her remains repose in a chest in the Church of St. Francois Xavier du Sault at Caughnawaga.

Great authors, like Chateaubriand, and Abbé Rouquette of New Orleans, and John Gilmary Shea, and great artists, like Charles M. Lang, have immortalized The Red Blossom of New France.



CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA, PAINTED BY M. M. NEALIS

Carthage Comes to Life

IN THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

By JOSEPH HOLDEN

Now like a rosary of precious stones strung on a golden chain are those ancient cities which cluster around the old-world shores that are kissed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean! Reminiscent, too, are those antique gems of palimpsests—manuscripts that have been written on many times, the original writing having been erased to make room for the rest. This is particularly true of Carthage, where the Thirtieth International Eucharistic Congress will take place next May.

Visions of one's schooldays leap to the mind at the mere mention of Carthage! visions of Hamilcar and Hannibal, Regulus and Scipio. But it is of Christian Carthage—the Carthage of Cyprian, Augustine, Optatus, and so many others whose names are inscribed in letters of gold on the pages of Church History—that we wish to learn more. Of an entirely different type from the New-World cities of Chicago, Montreal, and Sydney; dissimilar in origin and in history; more ancient than Rome by a century, Carthage was founded by Phoenician migrants about 850 B.C. The traditional account attributes the foundation of Carthage to Elissa, a granddaughter of Ethbaal, king of Tyre, who was father of the infamous Jezebel. Elissa was married to Sicharbas, regent of Tyre during the infancy of her brother, Pygmalion. When Pygmalion reached manhood he caused Sicharbas to be put to death; upon which Elissa fled first to Cyprus, and afterwards to North Africa, where Phoenician settlements were already established.

Carthage, which means "New City," was built on a bold promontory near the sea-shore. The story runs that the beauty and wealth of Elissa soon attracted the attention of Iarbas, ruler of the neighboring kingdom of Gentulia, who sought her hand in marriage under a threat of war in the event of a refusal. In order to escape these unwelcome attentions Elissa offered herself in sacrifice on the altar of Moloch, the god of fire.

True to the traditions of their mother-country, the Carthaginians

subsequently became the foremost sea power of their day.

Aggressive and warlike, they waged war mercilessly on the rest of North Africa; they placed under subjection Sardinia and Malta, and the greater part of Sicily and Spain. At one time they threatened to overthrow the power of mighty Rome, their formidable rival, against whom they carried on an almost continuous series of wars, and whose downfall was all but accomplished by Hannibal. It was Punic Carthage, however, not Rome, that was destined to fall, due in some measure, perhaps, to the incitement given by Cato the Elder; hence the famous Roman slogan: *Catorum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam.*"

During the last of the Punic Wars the Roman legions under Publius Cornelius Scipio laid siege to Carthage, and after taking it by storm in 145 B.C., the once proud mistress of the sea was leveled to the ground amid a welter of blood and fire. Almost devoid of Literature and Learning, theirs was martial prowess rather than intellectuality; ability to barter rather than facility in the attainment of culture was their forte. Had Napoleon lived in their day he might have condemned them as "a nation of shopkeepers!" With Punic Carthage went that spirit which has occasioned long and terrible struggles for supremacy between the Semitic and Aryan races.

Little more than a century after the destruction of Punic Carthage, the Roman city arose on the site of the ruins at the behest of Julius Caesar. But the new Carthage inherited from her Punic predecessor conflict with the nomad tribes, the real sons of North Africa, who swarmed around the confines of the Province, ever and anon occasioning exceptional activity for the garrison of Imperial Rome. The second century A. D. saw the advent of Christianity in North Africa, carried thither by Roman soldiers and merchants, whence it soon spread into Numidia and Mauretania.

The story of the early Church of Africa is virtually the record of a series of persecutions with intervening periods of peace of varying duration; and a continuous record of the origin, and the extinction, of many and powerful heresies and schisms. Bright was the Star of Carthage in the Western constellation of the Church's firmament, though its zenithal period of celebrity and activity lasted but five centuries, from about the middle of the second century to about the end of the seventh. But during that era a glorious army of saints and martyrs, and a noble company of Christian apologists and valiant bishops flourished on the soil of Africa, nourished by a Catholicity that was typical of the best traditions of Holy Church in those primitive ages.

It is a demonstrated axiom based on a Scriptural parable that a plenitude of good men and things brings in its train an accretence of contrarians, as the history of the Church abundantly testifies. And if Carthage had in St. Cyprian a lion-hearted Bishop of souls, she had also her Tertullian who withdrew his hand from the plow, a type of rigorist malcontent too frequently imitated down the ages even to this day. Converted from paganism in middle life, Tertullian soon became a zealous protagonist of the Catholic Faith. His writings were numerous, his subjects many and diverse, brief in style, but eloquent to a marked degree. Tertullian was the coiner of many of those terminological gems of concentrated truth which will be quoted by Christians as long as time shall last. Among many such, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," is, perhaps, the best known. Unfortunately for himself and for posterity, Tertullian fell to the Montanist heresy about the year 211, and thenceforth he scourged the Church, and the Pope in particular, with a vitriolic pen in a style which a few, but equally misguided, apostates in our day attempt to emulate.

Different is the story of St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage from 248 to 258, a Father of the Church, who

like Tertullian, became a convert in middle age, but who was, manifestly, more faithful to the grace which he had received, for at the close of a long period of life in God's service he received the crown of martyrdom. St. Cyprian's famous treatise: "*De Ecclesiae Catholicae Unitate*," has played a large part in the controversy with non-Catholics in all ages, but especially with Anglicans who, with pathetically futile fatuity, love to use alternately St. Cyprian's opposition to Pope St. Stephen, and St. Paul's frank avowal that he had "withstood" Cephas "to his face," as bombs with which to destroy the Papal base—a singularly unprofitable occupation! (If there be anything in Cyprian's misunderstanding with Stephen about heretical baptism, it is the fact that a Pope exercised supervision over a Church far away from Rome at a period prior even to the first General Council. It is significant that St. Cyprian is included in the *Communicantes*, in the Roman Canon of the Mass.) St. Cyprian left many valuable writings in the form of correspondence, treatises on Unity, Baptism, and on many other important subjects relating to the Church and her Faith.

BY AN edict issued from Rome in 249, the Emperor Decius began his attempt to exterminate Christianity, for which purpose he decreed that all who clung to the Faith should be cruelly tortured before being put to death. This persecution came after a peace of thirty-eight years, during which a worldly spirit had taken possession of both clergy and laity. In consequence the Christian army became disorganized and numerous desertions are on record. In Carthage, as in other parts of the Roman Empire, weak and indifferent Christians, by performing some specified act of pagan worship, saved themselves at the expense of their Faith.

On the other hand, many suffered dreadful torture and death rather than deny Jesus Christ and His Church. On one occasion three-hundred martyrs suffered together near Carthage. They are known as the martyrs of "*Massa Candida*." As may be surmised, the majority of those that denied the Faith, did not embrace paganism through conviction; they followed the line of least resistance, an intensely human failing. Later, this circumstance was the cause of a

curious state of affairs, when those who fell away became known officially as "*Lapsi*." Unfortunately, the lapsed were not a peculiarity of the Early Church; we have them with us today through mixed marriages, and for many similar sordid reasons. (In England during "Reformation" times weak Catholics were known to attend at the state temples of "Good Queen Bess" in compliance with the law, while secretly practising the Catholic religion.)

There were, we learn, three classes of *Lapsi*, graded according to the extent of their fall. The first class consisted of Christians who had actually offered sacrifice at pagan altars; the second class comprised those who had merely burnt incense before the statue of a pagan deity; in the third class were found all who, by bribery, trickery, or by proxy, had made a pretence of giving up the Faith without having done so. When the persecution slackened, and the lapsed felt safe, many wished to return to the practice of Christianity; but a difficulty arose on account of the strict penitential discipline then in force. Then the lapsed conceived the notion of appealing to those who had remained faithful under persecution, and these latter issued what were called "Letters of Peace" beseeching the Bishop to be indulgent, and re-admit the lapsed into communion with the Church once more.

In Cyprian's time it was decreed that those that were truly penitent, and were in possession of a "Letter of Peace," should be absolved and admitted to the Holy Eucharist if seriously ill, and at the point of death. This decision received the approbation of Pope Cornelius; it was opposed by Novation, a priest on whom had fallen the rigorist mantle of Tertullian. Novation had followers at Carthage who succeeded in complicating matters by forming a schism, and in refusing to absolve the lapsed in any circumstances whatsoever. Eventually, Authority triumphed, and all went well with the Church of Carthage until the next persecution under Diocletian, when affairs followed a similar course as under Decius, with the addition of a fourth class of *Lapsi*, called *Traditores*. *Traditores* were Christians who, in obedience to an imperial edict, had given up sacred books and utensils to be destroyed by the civil magistrates. The *Traditores* were the direct cause of the Donatist schism

which did so much harm in Africa, and which was so severely castigated by a great Doctor of the Church, St. Augustine of Hippo.

MENTION of St. Augustine tempts one to enlarge on the life, labors, and writings of this great Latin Father, but space that would be required to even touch the fringe of the subject forbids. Suffice it to say that his "Confessions" and his "City of God" are classics that will endure until the end of time. St. Augustine lived to see the beginning of the Vandal invasion of 429, and died during the siege of Hippo. Ten years after, Genseric, king of the Vandals, made Carthage the capital of his dominions. Subsequently the city degenerated into a mere pirate stronghold like Algiers. The Vandals, who were Arians, treated the Catholics cruelly; bishops were deposed, exiled, or put to death; Catholic laymen were imprisoned or deprived of their estates. Genseric died in 477 but his successor gave no relief to Catholics, though his persecution assumed a bloodless form, and the propagation of Arianism became intense.

In 533 a Byzantine force under Belisarius landed in North Africa, and after much sanguinary fighting the Vandals were overpowered and expelled. Thus, for the next century Carthage became the center of a Roman Province, when the Church, and incidentally the sects, enjoyed a respite from the rods of the persecutor.

But the troubles of North Africa were not yet ended, for late in the seventh century the Arabs began their victorious march along the shores of Northern Africa. Having subjected Egypt, Cyrenaica, and Tripolitana, they at last attacked Carthage which, when taken in 698, again became the scene of carnage and desolation at the hands of Hassan ibn en-Noman. Since that time the dark cloud of Islam has thrown its shadow over a once Christian land, and an enslaved remnant was all that remained of Christ's Kingdom in the "Garden of Allah."

Afterwards, the Almonhade conquerors of Tunisia compelled many of the native Christians to embrace Islam, but when Charles V entered the country in 1535, there were still to be found Christians in Carthage.

Few Catholics, other than students of Church History, realize what a mighty city was Christian Carthage.

Pope St. Leo IX, bore witness to its greatness when, in deciding an eleventh century question of precedence, he wrote: "Without doubt, after the Roman Pontiff, the first Bishop of Numidia, and the chief Metropolitan of all Africa, is the Bishop of Carthage." This inscription is engraved in Latin over the Cathedral of Carthage that was built by the late Cardinal Lavigerie in 1890. It is a magnificent pile situated on the site of a former pagan temple of Eshmun on the famous Hill of Byrsa, and is dedicated in honor of St. Louis IX, of France, who died in that region in 1270. At the time of the Vandal invasion there were at least twenty-two Basilicas in the city of Carthage. Among the most famous was that which contained the bodies of the Scillium proto-martyrs of 180 A.D., the account of whose martyrdom begins the written history of Christian Northern Africa.

Equally famous was the Basilica Perpetua Restituta where were enshrined the bodies of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, who were martyred in combat with wild beasts in the Amphitheatre at Carthage, March 7, 203, and into whose company we pray God to admit us every time we say the "*Nobis quoque*" when offering Holy Mass. It was in the Restituta Basilica that St. Augustine preached so many of those memorable sermons which have been handed down for our instruction and edification.

OF ALL those great Basilicas, little more than a few stones and inscriptions remain—the Arabs saw to that. Several foundations, however, have been laid bare through the archaeological zeal and energy of a French missionary, Père Delattre. A much-sought site is that of the building in which the conference between Donatist and Catholic Bishops took place in June, 411.

Looking from the site whereon once stood the Citadel, on ground that has borne the imprint of the feet of saints, soil that has thirstily imbibed the blood of many martyrs, the Phœnician harbors still showing clearly to the south, the "sacred" two-horned mountain with its ruined temple of Saturn standing out in the midst across the Gulf of Tunis, and the gently undulating vineyards and barley-fields in the direction of the Ariana Mountains, the pilgrim will find it hard to define his musings.

Much remains of the ancient city

that has no direct connection with Christianity. At Dermèche, near the sea, there are remains of imposing Roman baths, and a church of the Byzantine period. Half a mile north-west of the Hill of Byrsa may be seen the great cisterns which were fed with water by an aqueduct from Mount Huthna, seven miles away. The sea frontage, with Carthage in the center, beginning at Gamart and ending at Goletta, the former Port of Tunis, is about six miles in length. A great deal has been done to modernize Tunisia generally since the French Protectorate began in 1881.

After eight centuries of extinction the See of Carthage was restored by Pope Leo in 1884, His late Eminence, Cardinal Lavigerie, being the first Archbishop of the restored hierarchy. Schools, convents, and a *Petit Séminaire* (small seminary) have been established and are now in a flourishing condition. The White Fathers are responsible for the major part of the missionary work, in which they are assisted by the Sisters of their order, who conduct hospitals, schools for general education, as well as for teaching carpet weaving and other similar useful occupations. The approximate number of Catholics in the archdiocese is 45,000 among a Moslem population of nearly two million.

But what of the primitive Church of North Africa? In St. Cyprian's days no General Council of the Church had been held; in St. Augustine's time but two had taken place, and the Church had hardly emerged from the Catacombs. Yet at Carthage no less than twenty Councils were held, the acts of which have to some extent affected the Church's teaching in subsequent ages. This is particularly true of the Council which

was held at Carthage in 397, when the Catholic Canon of Holy Scripture was fixed and submitted to Rome for approval. It was at Carthage that the cream of Latin Literature arose in the writings of Augustine, Cyprian, Optatus, Tertullian, and many others of lesser distinction.

It is worthy of note that the African Liturgy was probably the oldest Latin Liturgy, for it was in use long before the Roman Church changed her liturgical language from Greek to Latin. What outward form the Rite assumed can only be conjectured from chance references to it which occur in the writings just mentioned, for the Arabs left nothing of local service books or manuscripts. But there is no reason to think that it was much different from other Western Liturgies which followed a broadly general type. The Faith of those primitive Christians was still in its undeveloped seedling state; many of the dogmas so familiar to us were yet in the bud, for by God's favor ours it is to possess the beautiful Flower of Holy Faith in its precious maturity.

Yet the African Church recognized, however imperfectly, the headship of St. Peter's successor, for St. Cyprian but paraphrases St. Paul when he writes in one of his "Letters" of "the Roman Church, to which heresy can have no access."

Those early Christians of Carthage had the Mass as we have it, and they understood it as we understand it: the Sacrifice of the New Law, the daily perpetuation of the One Sacrifice that was incepted at the Last Supper and consummated on Mount Calvary for the sins of mankind. The Prayer of Infinite Value which the Savior offers before the Throne of God Most High.

Communion

I saw the sun steal out from Eastern clouds,
And tarry o'er a hilltop's dewy breast,
Then slowly move on forward pace by pace,
Until it sank within a crimsoned West.

I thought the sun a Host—but held on high
By priestly hands above the paten's crest.
And like the sun, come forward step by step,
Until IT sank within my sinful breast.
(Rev.) Charles Hugh Doyle.

AS WE Catholics of today look back across the ages, across the waters and lands of the earth, to our past and present brethren, who were, and are, of the "household of the Faith," there recur to our minds the prophetic words of a Chief Pastor of long ago, Pope Leo IX, when in affirming that the Bishop of Carthage was second only to the Roman Pontiff, he wrote: "That position he will hold to the end of time, as long as the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ is invoked, whether Carthage lies deserted or whether it rise again in its former glory." So be it! Carthage lives!

Retreats and the Lay-Apostolate

A LAYMAN WRITES FOR LAYMEN

By EDWARD WARREN JOYCE

RETREATS and the lay-apostolate are intimately related. The purpose of retreats is to accomplish the personal sanctification of the individual retreatant. This object once attained, however, automatically results in the creation of a large number of Catholic men who have become so imbued with the spirit of the Church that they are in effect lay-apostles.

The lay-apostolate, as the name implies, simply means a group of laymen who do not confine their Catholicity within the narrow compass of obedience merely to the Ten Commandments, but who operate along lines approved by duly constituted ecclesiastical authority for the dissemination of truth and the spread of the Faith.

That there is a pressing need for the spread of Christianity in America admits of no argument. We live in a thrill-mad, money-mad, sex-mad age. Materialism dominates our schools and colleges. For millions of people God has been ruthlessly discarded as a factor in the equation of life. To every proposition of whatever nature that may be submitted to people today, the almost invariable answer is "What does it get me?" Innumerable men test all values by the dollar, not to speak of baser motives that actuate human conduct.

The present age can justly be called the Twentieth Century Renaissance. The original Renaissance began in the fifteenth century. The invention of printing and the telescope and the discovery of America brought into the world a new spirit. Man's knowledge increased, the horizon of his vision was broadened, society revelled in a new found wealth. With increased wealth, greater leisure, a new humanistic philosophy and the means to satisfy every demand, men sought new and wider outlets of expression.

The "modern spirit" arose in opposition to the chaste spiritual ideals of the Middle Ages. A revival of the classics resulted in the spread of Greek learning, art and architecture. The cult of the body became popular. Men sought physical beauty, muscu-

lar perfection, sensual pleasure. Above all unlimited "freedom" prevailed. As a consequence men became so enamored with the inordinate satisfactions of this life that they cast aside all thought of their spiritual duties. Why trouble about an unknown hereafter when they could make their Heaven here? A woeful laxity of morals ensued. The Renaissance brought prodigious, intellectual activity accompanied by abysmal, moral decay. While subtlety and vigor of thought predominated, the most elementary virtues were utterly disregarded. Literature fell from its high place and became the loose, lewd, screed of Rabelais. The inevitable result followed in the frightful moral decline of society.

Do we not find nearly identical conditions existing today? During the past generation our economic progress has surpassed the dreams of avarice. Recent inventions have spurred men's minds to new heights of thought and endeavor. The automobile, the motion picture, the airplane, the radio, have immeasurably extended the bounds of our knowledge and our means of enjoyment. Withal, our institutions of learning are crowded to their capacity. Intellectual activity has probably never been greater and yet we are disgraced with unprecedented crime waves, have been obliged to institute a system of juvenile courts, lose hundreds of millions of dollars annually through theft, forgeries and embezzlement. Our murder rate is the greatest of any nation. Our divorce rate exceeds that of even pagan Japan and leaves in its wake a maelstrom of broken hearts, disrupted homes, unnatural orphans and suicides. Our jails are overcrowded. America has become the most lawless nation in the world! This age of knowledge, pleasure and luxury is undoubtedly the most immoral in American history. And still we continue the mad whirl in this dizzy dance of death.

The development of mass production and of mass distribution by means of gigantic chain store com-

binations, the discovery of new processes and the fabrication of new products by industrial chemistry and the increased use of machinery have brought about a modern industrial revolution. Hardly is one operation, system or style standardized before it is made obsolete by succeeding improvements, real or fancied. New scientific discoveries have wrought a tremendous transition, not always for the better. A professor of science in one of our greatest Universities recently said "I wish science would stand still for ten years to give morality a chance to catch up."

Our population shows a steady drift from country to city. The growth of apartment houses has produced a floating population which lacks the strong ties that heretofore bound each individual member of society to the sacred hearthstone of home and a spiritual domicile, his own parish. The social order has become unstable as its bases have become more shifting. A restless spirit has seized upon us. The demand in all things is for change. We even read serious proposals for changing the established calendar.

Even our criminal types have changed. No longer are they unshaven, beetle-browed thugs; they are cultured, educated, suave youths, deft with tongue and quick with trigger; or dainty, bobbed-haired bandits, well-spoken, finely-gowned, warm-hearted seducers, but cold-blooded murderesses. Life is held cheap because it is without purpose or meaning.

AGGRAVATING this serious condition is still another factor. An overwhelming majority of our citizens have foresworn their age-old allegiance to the churches of their birth or adoption. Protestantism has broken down completely. A religious census taken in recent years by our Government reveals the appalling fact that over sixty million Americans have so little regard for the claims of religion or the prospect of eternity that they do not even claim affiliation with any religion whatsoever.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, the Rev.

Herbert Parrish (Episcopalian) said: "Protestantism is disintegrating and is doomed. It may last your life and mine but ultimately America will see it no more." He continues, "The latest report indicates that there are now over twenty-seven million American children, nominally Protestants, not enrolled in any Sunday school. Only one-third of those enrolled attend church with any regularity." He goes on to say, "it is my conviction that the sooner Protestantism disappears from American life, the better. It doesn't answer to the deep needs of human nature. As a moral guide it is superficial; as a mystical experience it is sentimental; as a teaching force it is vague, negative and uncertain; as an organization it is illogical and chaotic."

A scientific survey by the Institute of Social and Religious Research, filling twelve volumes, reveals the following: "only one-fifth of the rural population of America goes to church; two-fifths of all rural churches are standing still and losing ground. There are 33,808 communities or 42% of the total number that have churches but have no resident pastor." To quote Dr. Charles J. Galpin of the United States Bureau of Agriculture in his work entitled "Empty Churches"; "one-seventh of the rural communities of the United States are entirely without Protestant churches. Of the fifteen million of rural children under twenty-one years of age, more than four million are virtually Pagans, children without knowledge of God." Rev. Charles Stelzle (Presbyterian) states "nearly every city in America is witnessing the removal of its churches from the densely populated sections where the church is most needed. Within recent years forty Protestant churches moved out of the district below Twentieth Street in New York while three hundred thousand people moved in."

WHAT more natural in the light of these facts than that men should not only lose faith in their religion but that thousands of them should fall easy prey to the organized propaganda of Atheism. This has occurred: The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, incorporated in New York State, has established branches in over twenty colleges throughout the country. Additional chapters have been instituted even in high schools.

The Association has issued and distributed over six hundred thousand copies of literature denying the very existence of God.

Popular ignorance concerning the origin, methods and purpose of the Catholic Church is absolutely appalling and the more so because of the high degree of education that exists. This was amply illustrated during the recent Presidential campaign. The falsehoods, half truths and downright calumnies that were uttered and printed wholesale against the Catholic candidate and his church would have fallen on barren ground had Americans the least modicum of truth concerning our beliefs and practices. But because most of our citizens know little or nothing concerning the Church, millions became the prey of fanatical hate for all things Catholic.

Is this not a modern repetition of the fifteenth century Renaissance? What reason have we to believe that it may not culminate even more disastrously? For let us bear in mind that in the moral order we stand on a less firm foundation than then obtained. Then religion knew no divisions. The Christian world was united under the aegis of the Church. And yet wealth and luxury, ease and leisure took their fatal toll.

This is the state of American society today. This is the spirit with which the Church must necessarily deal. What forces has the Church to put into the field? The clergy? Yes, but with all respect and reverence for their ability, learning and courage, what impress can our clergy make against such odds! There is probably not a single diocese in the United States which does not suffer from a shortage of priests. Even though many hundreds of our finest young men are annually blessed with a call to the altar, the shortage continues. The same is true about our teaching Orders of Brothers and Sisters. It is obvious, therefore, that if Catholic truth is to be spread and if America is to be saved from impending godlessness and absolute disaster, we must look for aids to the priesthood and the Religious Orders.

But what can laymen do except give good example to our separated brethren and thus predispose them to an acceptance of the Church? We can and should give good example, but I maintain it is not sufficient to teach by example alone. It is not

right that laymen should recline supinely and leave the entire burden of converting others to the clergy. Are we not, also members of the Church? Do we not likewise share in her graces and blessings?

My thesis, then, specifically is this: that the laymen's retreat movement, since it is the chief source of the lay apostolate, should actively engage in recruiting and training all its members for a nation-wide campaign of so-called "street preaching" that will carry to the millions of "unchurched" Americans an explanation of the fundamentals of Catholic belief and practice. Nor do I make this plea as an individual. It is the unrealized ambition of several individual retreat leagues numbering thousands of members and has their approval and support.

Many cogent objections have been advanced against this proposal. It is said that the teaching authority of the Church resides in the bishops and priests; that the layman is not properly trained, let alone authorized; that our bishops and priests cannot safely delegate to laymen a function of such tremendous potentialities. To such as feel moved by these considerations, I will let a few facts bear their own witness.

HISTORY proves conclusively that laymen have played a most important part in the teaching work of the Church during the whole course of Church history. To quote Rev. Dr. Arendzen of England: "Many of the early apologists of Christianity, whose names and works have come down to us, were undoubtedly laymen; a vast amount of the spread of Christianity from the third century onward was due to solitaries and monks; the so-called Fathers of the Desert; only an infinitesimal portion of these were either deacons, priests or bishops. They belonged in no sense to the hierarchy. The creation of the minor orders by the Church was her endeavor to utilize the laymen, for those in minor orders, not having received the priesthood, having no vow of celibacy, were laymen in a true sense, laymen entrusted with Church work.

"The Church makes use of women who, after all, are incapable of the Sacrament of Holy Orders. They are not allowed publicly to address the congregations in churches, yet, perhaps the greater part of all catechetical instruction today is given

by women who teach in schools or by nuns who instruct women converts."

Furthermore it is hardly conceivable that our Catholic foreign missions could be conducted successfully today were it not for the invaluable assistance given the missionaries by trained native Catholic laymen who catechize the converts and prepare them for the reception of the Sacraments.

Dr. Arendzen further states, "But what standing can a layman have in defending and explaining the Catholic Faith? If he does so in obedience to, and in harmony with, his ecclesiastical superiors, his standing is firm and secure, for he has received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Some uninstructed people think this only means he is strengthened to lead personally a good Christian life; it means more. The greatest theologian of the Middle Ages, St. Thomas, taught that the three Sacraments which leave a mark upon the soul are somehow related to the priestly dignity of the people of God. In baptism we receive the power to receive the sacred things of Christianity; in Confirmation the power to defend these sacred things; in the priesthood the power to administer and produce these sacred things. The Christian, therefore, who has received Confirmation has a divine help and a divine status to defend sacred things which an unconfirmed person has not.

"Among these sacred things is surely his Faith. The confirmed man is a Knight of God. This Knighthood he can best exercise nowadays not by the sword, but by his tongue. A Catholic who is confirmed and speaks to a crowd, none of whom is confirmed, speaks to them in virtue of his divinely bestowed Knighthood which the Holy Ghost gave him, when by the hand of the Bishop he was anointed on the forehead with the sign of the Cross; and as long as the Catholic Knight fights in submission to his divine leaders, the priests and Bishops, he fights the battles of God."

THIS is not theory. These truths are exemplified in actual practice today by the Catholic Evidence Guild of England. The Guild was formed early in 1918 to spread a knowledge of Catholic truth as a counter offensive to atheism and irreligion which were being openly ex-

pounded in the public parks and meeting places. After mature deliberation, Cardinal Bourne approved of the Guild and in April, 1918, issued an invitation to the clergy and their parishioners to attend the organization meeting. The Cardinal was personally present and about 200 responded. He appointed two of the clergy to be responsible for the classes which were formed. Two months later 40 active "learners" constituted classes, with an average weekly attendance of 24.

Meanwhile the lay founder, Mr. Vernon Redwood, who was already qualified by training and experience, took his place in Hyde Park, planted his crucifix and began the active lecture work. He met with very little opposition and soon gained an interested audience. The work grew and flourished. A year later the world renowned scholar, Cardinal Gasquet, wrote: "The most encouraging feature of the present Catholic activity in England which came to my notice was the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild. On one Sunday afternoon I was present in Hyde Park for a couple of hours and listened to the various speakers. What I heard and saw gives me great hopes for the future of the movement—it is *better* that in this missionary work the principal workers should not be priests, but laymen, provided only that they are well instructed in their religion, and, what is of equal importance, that they are practical and even devout Catholics."

These lectures continued from 3:30 to about 10:30 and the last audience was always the largest.

Cardinal Gasquet was forcibly impressed by the respectful, even reverent, attitude of the thousands of listeners. He concludes with this remarkable statement which, coming from so learned and zealous a prelate is worthy of our deepest consideration: "It is necessary, absolutely necessary, if the work of God is to reach the multitude—those millions of men and women who are ignorant of the Catholic Faith—that it be preached to them in the highways and by-ways of our great cities; and as they will not come to us, we must go to them."

Who is doing the work? *Laymen* and *laywomen*, of all ages and vocations; clerks, students, stenographers, professional and business men and women, earnest youth, bearded grandfathers and those of every age

between. Carefully trained by the priests assigned, in weekly meetings, they are taught the truths of our Holy Faith, learn to expound them, are carefully examined as to matter and tested for speaking ability. After a course varying from one to two years, they are duly licensed either to deal only with certain subjects, or given a general license to speak on any question that circumstances may require.

Within two years the Guild held regular meetings at ten or more sites in London and soon thereafter was functioning in Liverpool, Birmingham, Cardiff, Newcastle and Plymouth. It has since undoubtedly broadened its scope far beyond these limits. In the eighth year of its operation it appears that the Guild has 1700 lay speakers actively engaged in this apostolic work. Their success seems best attested by the fact that, after watching its operations elsewhere, from time to time the Guild was invited by other Bishops to establish branches in their dioceses. In the first five years of its apostolate the Guild distributed free to interested non-Catholics over 62,000 books and 210,000 pamphlets and financed 21 courses of lectures to non-Catholics.

IS THIS not a force to reckon with? What have we in America to compare to it? Are our few, puny, sporadic attempts worthy of us, our cause and the need? "What man has done, man can do." We Americans pride ourselves on being virile, active, quick to respond to every need, nonplussed by no obstacle. Yet while accomplishing great works of many kinds, in this direction we have failed miserably.

What is our record? The Catholic directory shows that in 1926 only 35,000 conversions were made by the 25,000 priests in the United States or an average of 1 4/10 converts per priest. In the same year the English averaged about three converts per priest. Does this not prove my previous statement that our priests are too few, that they cannot cope with the situation? "If you can catch a few fish with a hook and line why not let down the nets for a big draught." Is not our great reason for the fewness of conversions the one given by Cardinal Gasquet, "As the multitude will not come to us, we must go to them." Let us remember that the layman has

a hundred favorable contacts with our separated brethren to one that a priest may have.

Qualified observers state in positive terms that our fields are white with the harvest. Bigotry exists, but only because ignorance exists. They are coextensive. Remove the cause and the effect must disappear. The American public generally is possessed of a spirit of fair play. As the Protestant churches alternately clash and waver, weaken, then become even more vague and atrophied till they have at last become mere social organizations, their former members marvel at the majesty, unity, strength and solidarity of the Catholic Church. Many of them undoubtedly fear it, but beyond they are curious about the Church. They will listen to our exposition of her claims. Millions of earnest, sincere but uninformed or misinformed non-Catholics would gladly embrace our Faith were it but explained to them. A recent convert said, "My God, why

wasn't I told about the Catholic Church before? I would have been a Catholic ten years sooner if someone had only told me the truth then; and to think of all the graces I have been denied during that time."

HISTORY relates that the Roman army's units comprised three ranks. If the enemy broke through the first rank, he was held by the second. But if he broke through both the first and second ranks he was by that time so weakened that the third rank, rushing in, always won the victory, if only by force of numbers. May we not compare the organization of the Church Militant to that of the Roman army? Our first rank consists of the Bishops, our second is the clergy, our third is the confirmed laity. Are we not trying to conduct a major offensive while using only the first two ranks, which, in numbers at least, constitute but a fraction of our forces?

Yet what are we doing? Aside

from a few isolated, small and largely individual movements that are noteworthy for their faith and courage, the vast bulk of our potential forces are still confining their efforts to reading papers on the subject and passing resolutions. Is it not time for us to cease our discussions and *do* something definite?

When America declared war in 1917, our Catholic manhood responded in numbers twice their proportion of the population. So, too, will they today answer the call to the colors of Christ, if that call will but issue from the only source whence it can come. For this holy consummation do we pray, that from its happy coming we may be privileged to strive for the greater honor and glory of God, for the salvation of innumerable immortal souls, and for the preservation of our beloved America from the slough of decadence into which it appears to be rapidly drifting in this twentieth century Renaissance.

Heaven Beyond the Pine Trees

AN OLD-FASHIONED ROMANCE IN MODERN SETTING

By GRACE KEON

"**W**ELL, Priscilla Graham," said a cheerful voice, "I've got it."

The tall figure of the young man completely filled the kitchen doorway. There was a grin on his lips, his blue eyes were smiling.

"Hugh! Never!" His mother dropped the big spoon with which she was stirring the contents of a pot on the fire, and turned toward him. Her arms went about his neck and he lifted her, kissing her warmly.

"I'm so glad! So glad!"

"Of course!" His eyes were dark with excitement. "Haven goes to San Francisco Thursday morning and good old Trench called me in this afternoon 'to talk things over.' Lucky for me Haven gave me that hint last night or I might have disgraced myself."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said his mother, proudly, confidently. "You wouldn't have disgraced yourself—you couldn't. And, my goodness, I have nothing but stew for supper. Stew! With my son junior partner in a big building concern."

"Ouch, Priscilla! Some imagination you have! I'm not a partner—not yet. I'm still a humble employee, whose job has been turned into a connection. And that there stew—your stew—is about my size. So bring it on!! I'm starved."

"I promised the Holy Souls—"

"I bet you did. Well, you can have all the first month's increase. Now don't say I'm not generous."

"Always, dear. But sit down. I'm dying to hear every word. What Mr. Haven said, and what Mr. Trench said and what you said—you know—"

"Yes!" His laughter rang through the room. "I suppose I shall have to show you how Mr. Trench moved his eyebrows and Mr. Haven his hands."

SHE laughed with him, as she dished up the stew, and ran to the ice box for the salad, putting it and the dessert on the table so that

she could talk without interruption, but too excited to touch a single morsel. Not until she had exhausted every phase of the subject did she remark, rather hesitatingly:

"You must call Lois and tell her, Hugh."

"Darling, this doesn't make any difference to Lois."

"None at all. But she'll be interested."

He was silent, frowning at his plate.

"Mother, I wish—"

"I know. Don't let's think of anything unpleasant. You love her, Hugh."

"Yes—I love her."

"That is enough."

Hugh smiled rather grimly.

"Austin Banks wouldn't agree with you. He'd told me so. If I weren't around Lois would do as he wants her to—marry Len Foster. Lois is a fool, and if I take advantage of a girl's foolishness I am a knave. How does that sound, mother?"

"Absurd!" she smiled. "You're as

good as he is. Money doesn't make the man." She watched him as he reached for his pipe and tamped the tobacco into the bowl with his little finger. "Hugh, dear, I was out today. Where do you think we went?"

"We?"

"Lois and I."

"Oh! Lois and you! To the movies?"

"Nothing so ordinary. To Fernwood."

"Fernwood? Fernwood? Oh, I remember. That new development. And what reason had you to go to Fernwood?"

"I just thought I'd like to look at it."

He smiled at her through a haze of smoke.

"Well, Priscilla! You're up to something. I know you. Tell me the rest."

"We've picked out a lovely bit of land."

"Investing? Speculating? Getting tired of the city?"

"Maybe. There are two tall pine trees, Hugh—just space enough for a path between them—a path leading up to a little white house with green blinds. There's a big sugar maple in the back, with a hammock, and some deck chairs. And the roses, Hugh—a rose hedge—"

"My word, Priscilla! That must be some place."

"Lovely. I bought it."

Hugh Graham's mouth dropped open, his eyes widened.

"You—you what, mother?"

"I bought it, Hugh."

"Bought *what*, mother?"

"The place, boy. If we don't want it we can afford to let it lie. It can't be duplicated. And it will cost only eighteen hundred dollars. I paid fifty on it—"

"Mother, mother! Wait. Wait just one minute. Fernwood is a good development—nothing cheap about it—and you paid eighteen hundred dollars for a house and land—a *white* house—"

"Silly! There isn't any house yet. I bought the land—with two pine trees about four feet apart in the center and a sugar maple back—"

"Mother, you distinctly told me—"

"Yes. I meant that that was the kind of house you can build on it, Hugh. I just imagined that house with the green blinds and the roses. Naturally, if one buys a piece of land one can see a house on it, can't one?"

"Well, mother, well, mother—" He stared at her. "Why?"

"Oh, I'm not going to live more than a hundred years at the outside and I'd like to see you and Lois settled."

"So you go—" He laughed. "You're pretty reckless, Priscilla. I suppose some slick real estate chap built that imaginary house right before your very eyes. Didn't he?"

"Indeed not, Hugh. We saw no real estate man until we were ready to talk to him. Lois and I poked around until we found what we wanted. When we showed it to him he said it was one of the finest spots in the place and that we couldn't go wrong."

"Couldn't go wrong. Of course you couldn't. What are real estate men for?"

"But we *liked* it, Hugh."

"And you want me to like it?"

"Of course."

"Supposing I think it is terrible?"

"Oh, well! We'll just let it lie there until you change your mind. Or you can sell it later. Or, if you disapprove too much I've only paid fifty dollars on it to hold it, subject to your consent before we'd sign a contract. We can let that go if we have to."

"Oh!" said Hugh Graham, still staring at her questioningly. "By George, but you—What next?"

"Today is Tuesday. Could you come Saturday afternoon?"

"Or Thursday? I'll be free after two."

"That will be much better. Let us go by bus and come home by train. Then you'll see for yourself how long the trip to the city takes."

"A white house—with green blinds—and roses—and trees. Oh, Priscilla, aren't you the smily, wily old lady? Don't think I can't see through you!"

"And why shouldn't you? I wouldn't deceive you for the world."

"Deceive me! You'd not even try—but I'm lost just the same. I suppose," laughing, "if I hadn't been promoted today, this Fernwood proposition would have been held over, too?"

"Indeed not! Fernwood has nothing to do with your advancement. I sent for the folder and the book-lets a month ago. I'm not trying to prejudice you, my boy."

"Oh, no, you're not! You're not selling it to me—not putting it over with every word! Oh, no! You're

not showing me— There's the telephone. Shall I answer?"

"Do, dear. I must gather the dishes."

GRAHAM put down his pipe, and his mother listened to the conversation that ensued. Listened, smiling, with cheeks faintly flushed, and eyes very bright. Her hands moved gently among the plates and saucers. Not for a great deal would she have broken in on Hugh's thoughts with the clattering of china.

"Oh, hello . . . Oh, yes, Lois . . .

"Yes . . . mother's just told me . . .

"You like it . . . That's nice.

Very nice . . .

"Mother says so . . .

"Oh! A green house . . . pardon me . . . a white house . . . well—

"I think so. I told mother I would. If nothing happens . . . this Thursday afternoon.

"You? Why, of course you'll come . . . naturally . . .

"Build? Oh, I say! Lois, I couldn't think of it! Not this month! Mother's taking all my extra salary.

"Extra? Yes, I've got the new job . . . surely . . . yes. You know about it? She was telling you . . . Yes. Yes—Goodby, Lois, goodby, dear."

Very slowly Hugh replaced the receiver on the hook and turned away. There was a thoughtful look on his face and a furrow between his brows. He went into the small kitchen, and stood before his mother, taking the dish towel out of her hands.

"Priscilla Graham," he said, "I want to talk seriously to you."

"Yes, darling."

"About Lois. We've known her just three years—she's been in our parish that length of time and if we hadn't been Catholics we probably never would have had more than a bowing acquaintance."

"Naturally. You couldn't marry outside the Faith, Hugh."

"Lois has a father. He absolutely disapproves of his girl's poor but honest suitor. The fact that he has lost almost all his money by unwise speculation these last two years doesn't make him any more tender-hearted toward me."

"You're not marrying Austin Banks, Hugh."

"No? Think of Lois Banks washing dishes and making stew when she can have gold plate and a butler and a chef. That's the difference between

your Hugh and Leonard Foster, plutocrat, her father's choice."

His mother's eyes were merry.

"Under the circumstances the father can't say you're marrying Lois for his wealth. And I think she's like me. She'd rather have love and make her own blue skies than lack love and have her blue skies made for her."

"Oh, Priscilla, no wonder I'm lost."

"Don't be ridiculous, Hugh," she said. "Just wait until you see that house—wait! You won't laugh! You'd think the trees had grown there for us. Lois and I have decided on a rose hedge—it will be prettier than—"

"Forced into matrimony because his mother and his girl saw a white house growing in front of a sugar maple tree!" mocked her son.

"And a flagged path between the pines to the front door—"

"Go back to your dishes. Your wits are wandering."

DID not his wits wander as he sat with pipe and book in the living-room? The sweet face and dark eyes of Lois Banks came between him and the printed page. With her to work for, with the confidence of his firm, with the knowledge of his own particular "job" at his finger-tips, what could hold him back? Not Len Foster . . .

Len Foster was a thorn in his side—opponent in business as well as in love. Clever, handsome, well-educated and unscrupulous, though always sure to stay on the safe side. More than once he had defeated Trench and Haven in their own field and there had been a suspicious flavor connected with several affairs in which both firms had competed. Business rivalry could be borne and overcome. But rivalry in love was another phase—made bitter by the knowledge that Austin Banks rather cynically drew comparisons between the two men—to Hugh's disadvantage.

"But Lois, the one that really matters, cares for me," thought Hugh, now, and his heart warmed. What mattered Austin Banks or Len Foster? His mother was right. No use waiting any longer. The understanding between Lois and himself must take definite form.

That Thursday afternoon he accompanied them to Fernwood. They amused him, for they were like children sharing a secret, even though the

development, when they reached it, disappointed him. Flat grounds, streets laid out in straight lines, cement walks. The two or three houses already erected he viewed with distaste. They were ornate, sprawly. A number of workmen were busy with steam-shovels. He would have paused to watch, but Lois and his mother had no interest in their immediate surroundings.

"Too close to the station," said the latter. "I shouldn't want to mark time by the whistle of a railroad train. Come on, son. We have a ten minutes' walk, but it's worth it."

"I should say so!" was his comment when they finally brought him to a triumphant pause. "A corner lot. And those—are the pine trees! And the maple! Mother, you have deceived me. I never dreamed you could stand under them. Wonder how they happened here?"

"They didn't happen," said Lois, rather shyly. "They just grew—they've been growing as long as we have, Hugh."

"For us!" He put his hand on the rough bark.

"You like it?" asked his mother, anxiously.

"I do, Priscilla."

"You see—that maple will be in the back, just as I told you, Hugh; let me see how many feet—"

They watched the slender little figure, moving slowly away from them, gauging the distance to the tree.

"Priscilla! The name belongs to her, Hugh."

"Yes, Lois. I love it — always have—that is why I use it so often. Priscilla, my first love—and you, Lois. Dear girl, you know what is in my heart—you know what I want to say. Here, under our pine trees, I'm asking you to marry me."

"Of course I will, Hugh."

"For better or worse, Lois."

"For better or worse."

His arms went around her, his lips touched hers. Then, as his mother turned back toward them he called, gaily:

"Still see the white house, mother?"

"Yes, my son—and the curtains at the windows."

"You, too, Lois?"

"There's a fireplace in the living-room, Hugh. I've just put on a fresh log."

He laughed happily.

"And now to face the lions," he said. "I'll have to see your father,

Lois. Tonight. Let's get it over with."

"Yes." Her face clouded. "Don't mind if he's a little—sharp."

"He's always sharp with me, Lois. Probably he'll bring in Len Foster again."

"He may not. I—refused Len Foster a week ago."

"Oh!" said Hugh. Their eyes met in a look of love and understanding. "Don't worry. I won't let him hurt my feelings, dear, for I understand him. After all, you *could* do better, that is—"

IT MADE fair to be a sorry interview. Austin Banks tapped one finger on the wood of the library table, and there was a frown between his brows. He stared at the wall opposite. His mouth was set in an unpromising curve.

"And so you think you can make my Lois happy?"

"I hope to do so, Mr. Banks. I'll try."

"Have you planned what you will do when you find you have not succeeded?" There was an edge to his voice now. "Your salary with Trench and Haven isn't much more than \$3,000 a year."

"A little more than that," answered Hugh. The man's attitude was so unfriendly that he could not speak of his new prospects.

"You have no other resources?"

"No." Hugh was nettled, but he kept a strong curb on his annoyance. It was natural that Austin Banks should want to know about him, it was right to ask these questions—just as it was Hugh's duty to answer him.

"She's young, Graham — only twenty. And she's been accustomed to . . . well, everything. I'm not trying to offend you but to be quite frank I wish that she had taken Foster. I think he's the better man."

"I am sorry you feel that way, sir," said Hugh, and his face flushed.

"But I'll wish you good luck. You're up against life and you've got to make your own way."

"As many a man has done before me," answered Hugh. "Let's see how Foster wears in the long run. Mr. Banks. I may make him look like a cipher. All things are possible."

"Possible, perhaps. Not probable."

Hugh closed the door behind him with a feeling of dismay and anger surging through his breast. There had been an air of dissatisfaction

about the older man that had stung deeply. Foster—the better man.

"Because he has money!" His lip curled. "That's all. Well, I'll have it too, some day. But mine—mine will be *clean*."

Lois interrupted those thoughts by darting across the hall, her lips forming a question as she drew him back with her into the living-room.

"Yes, dear." He slipped his arm about her. "At least—he wished us luck."

"Like that, Hugh? Why so sober? Don't mind father."

"I don't, Lois. It's the fact that Foster—"

She laughed.

"I wouldn't marry Foster if he had twenty times his money. I don't like him, Hugh, and he isn't—one of us. Father's judgment is in a fog—has been for the last two years. He feels his failure more than you have any idea of. And why should he? He has enough left to live on." She forced him into a chair and sat on another opposite him. He looked at her gown, at the white arms shining through delicate mesh, at the string of gleaming pearls, drops of gleaming beauty about her throat. If those were real. But of course they were real! It would be many, many years before he could buy her jewels to match them. He sighed.

"Oh, Hugh! Please!"

"I can't help it. You are so lovely, and you deserve so much—and I offer you—If we build that white house, my dearest, it will take every penny I have saved and even at that I will have to carry a mortgage—Lois, I hate and abominate debt. The very thought of it is terrible. Debt!"

She looked at him with an odd little quirk about her mouth.

"Do you think we should wait ten or fifteen years, Hugh?"

"Lois!"

"Of course you don't!" She leaned toward him putting her hands on his shoulders. "Then it's settled. We'll start the white house, debt and all, and when it's ready Father Mackin will marry us."

So the house went up on the lot in Fernwood, "with a prayer going into every stroke of the hammer," Hugh's mother told him. She was the happiest of the three if that were possible. Then came a quiet wedding in the parish church, Father Mackin offering the Nuptial Mass. There was no honeymoon, for Mr.

Trench had been taken seriously ill and all the duties of the concern were on Hugh's shoulders. Austin Banks gave Lois a modest check and started on a long-deferred visit to a brother in California.

Lois was very busy. Outside there was the garden and the rose hedge to make—inside the two women were occupied in turning the lovely house into an attractive home. The months seemed to take wings. The winter passed. Spring came, and summer, with its wealth of flowers. "Pine-trees" as Lois had called the little place, showed the effects of the care and labor that had gone into its beautifying. The outlook was pleasant, with that low hill only a short distance away crowned with splendid trees.

"I hope no one ever builds on it," said the girl.

Mrs. Graham glanced at her smilingly.

"Lois, dear, your earthly heaven doesn't live over there—but in here. Remember that, darling. Beyond the pine trees, not outside them."

"Of course," affectionately. "Of course it is. But . . . I suppose it's the work, mother? Hugh's so busy! Mr. Trench will soon be taking charge again, and that will give him breathing-time."

"Hugh? He's absent-minded and absorbed, but—"

"Oh, mother, it's Len Foster that bothers me most of all. They really hate each other, I think, and when Hugh talks about him the way he does, well, I—"

"Nonsense, nonsense! In business there is always that hardness. It doesn't mean anything, Lois."

"Oh, I know it doesn't. I'm just foolish, wanting sunshine all the time. If Len Foster is a cloud on my sky it is only because he's one on Hugh's."

"Clouds must come, Lois," said the older woman, gently, and at the note in her soft voice, Lois threw her arms about her.

"Don't, mother!"

"But, my dear, it's inevitable. And, you've promised me not to worry."

"I won't." The girl straightened suddenly and smiled. "I'm sure of one thing — you can't possibly go away without seeing—Priscilla."

"That would be *too* discourteous, wouldn't it?" replied the older woman, cheerfully.

Discourteous or not, Hugh's mother died before Priscilla was born some months later. The separa-

tion was a grievous one, but the care of her baby dulled the pain for Lois. Hardly had she become reconciled to their loss before another happening dismayed her. Workmen began to dig out the hill, and soon she learned that Leonard Foster was to erect a mansion there.

"He can," sneered Hugh. "He underbid us for that Gordon contract and while he'll lose money on it, he's just made a half-million in Penrose stock. He's been after our firm steadily for the last two years. Worse since you and I've been married, Lois."

"You're competitors," said Lois. "Naturally you would meet him in business. Don't imagine things, Hugh."

"I'm not. But I tell you that since the firm is Trench and Graham—and it's unfair competition, Lois. I'll beat him yes. I'll beat him flat. He's a plain crook."

Lois looked at her husband. He had changed. He was always irritable, and—she hated to confess this even to herself—unexpectedly thrifty. Loyal she called it thrift, disliking the sound of a harsher word.

"Don't talk like that, Hugh. Let Foster build a palace of gold if he likes. Our pine trees guard my heaven, and it's time to do something to keep it perfect. I want the rooms decorated and a new rug—"

"We'll have to wait, Lois."

"But why, darling? You know you promised me a sun porch."

"Just a little while."

She sighed. That was Hugh's habit now. Wait. Wait a while longer. She managed to keep the grounds in order with the aid of a man of all work two or three hours a day. But the house needed attention—attention that called for skill and money. Lois could not bear to see it looking shabby—it was too precious, this home of hers! And Hugh would do nothing.

Priscilla was two years old when Hugh was born. By that time, Lois thought, a little impatiently, their heaven was almost poverty-stricken! "Really, now, Hugh!" she said, petulantly. "You must give me the sun porch. Please! With two babies to care for I need it. It will be an ideal day nursery and save me so many steps."

"Not yet. Don't make any changes yet, Lois."

She looked at him intently. Then her eyes lingered on the walls, on the floor.

"Very well," she answered. Hugh, unobserving, missed the sudden compression of her lips. "Can you spare me a hundred dollars?" she asked, then, unexpectedly.

"If you really want it, Lois."

"I do. I've been saving something from my house money—and with another hundred I think I'll be able to put up the porch."

"The kind you want will cost at least six times a hundred, Lois."

"Old John Bermond isn't doing anything, and he's a good carpenter. I'll have him—labor is the most important item, and I know he won't charge too much."

"Go ahead, Lois, if you are really so anxious. But you're in for disappointment."

The sun porch went up. It made the rest of the white house look laughable. And when it was completed Lois furnished it, so that it was a sitting-room and nursery combined. Through its glistening windows one could see the old sugar maple where a white-haired, fragile lady had once sat and dreamed many happy hours away. Hugh stared in bewilderment when he saw the porch finished.

"And the furniture, Lois! The whole thing appears awfully expensive to me."

"Nonsense. You are looking at the cretonne pillows and the draperies. They seem expensive—yet they cost the least of all. I have another surprise for you, too. John Bermond can paint, and he's so reasonable. I'm having some of the rooms done over, as soon as I can decide just what colors I want. You'll have to give me another fifty dollars—"

"Fifty dollars won't buy enough paint for one room."

"No? Look at that porch and it cost you only a hundred! Give me the fifty and let me show you what happens."

A MANSION went up on the hill at Fernwood, at the expenditure of a quarter of a million, Mr. Trench told Hugh, and Hugh merely smiled that disagreeable smile which always greeted Foster's name.

"Let him build! Some day I'm giving Lois a house that will make his place look like a barn! Some day when I'm ready I'll even buy that place for her. I'll show him."

"He's been a pretty sharp thorn in our flesh, hasn't he, Hugh? We barely won out on Bursleson."

"Haven't you noticed, though, that we're winning out more and more of late?" asked Hugh, exultantly.

"If you ask me I think you needed something like Foster to spur you on," laughed Trench.

Hugh considered.

"That may be. I can't deny it. I imagine he's always been trying to show me that—that Austin Banks was right—that he is the better man."

"Nonsense, Hugh. Lois doesn't think so."

Nevertheless, the two—Leonard Foster and Hugh Graham—kept pretty close together in the years that followed, though Trench and Graham went ahead steadily, winning a name for steadiness and dependability.

THE tenth anniversary of the Graham wedding-day dawned.

"You'll come to dinner, just you and Mr. Banks and ourselves," said Hugh. "Lois would be so disappointed if you didn't. We haven't a palace—you know that—not even the sort of home that is Lois' by right, but we soon will have. I've a mighty big surprise waiting for that fine wife of mine."

Trench's eyes were a little sad.

"I hope you haven't kept her waiting too long, Hugh. Ten years is an age."

"Lois is happy," said Hugh. "Don't you think I'd know if she weren't?"

So Trench went up to the white gate beneath the pine trees, to the white house that gleamed like a silver pear in a green setting.

"It's like an artist's dream from the outside," he said, noting for the twentieth time the details that spoke of exquisite taste, the tiled porch, the arched glass door that opened into a hospitable veranda. Inside Lois greeted him, bright-eyed and bright-faced, with Priscilla, now eight years old, Hugh, six, and Austin three. The dinner was perfect, and after it Lois was free, for the children went to bed and the little maid took care of the clearing up. Trench and Banks, seated in comfortable chairs, were smoking contentedly.

"It's true you haven't a big place, Hugh," said Trench "But how in the world could you bear to change?"

"It's comfortable, of course."

"It's a jewel box," said Austin Banks.

Hugh stretched his long limbs toward the glowing hearth-fire.

"Lois will soon have a place she can take pride in," remarked her husband. "We're nicely placed here, and we've been happy, too, but my girl is entitled to better things and I'm going to give them to her."

"Oh!" said Lois, and her soft laughter fell delightfully on the ears of the older men—the laughter of a happy woman. "He thinks he can find better than this—anywhere."

"On the hill, Lois," remarked Hugh. "What do you say to the mansion on the hill?"

Three pairs of eyes turned toward him in astonishment.

"Foster's place?" asked Banks, in an awed voice.

"Foster's place," nodded Hugh. "He's offered it to me."

Trench puffed in silence. Behind the blue tracery of smoke he watched Lois' face.

"That's news," said Austin Banks. "How much is he asking for it?"

"We haven't spoken of terms," said Hugh.

"Mrs. Graham may not care to change," said Trench, then, slowly.

"Not care to change? From poverty to wealth?"

"Poverty?" Austin Banks looked his astonishment. "What's the matter with you, Hugh? You'll never have a prettier home than this no matter how big or expensive."

LOIS put her hand on her father's arm.

"Hugh doesn't mean that, father," she smiled. "He's exaggerating."

"But he said poverty, Lois."

"Well, you can't call it affluence."

"I'd like Foster to see this house if he imagines you're getting anything better in his big one," said Banks, complacently. "He can't match it." He was silent for a few moments—then he leaned forward and put his hand on Hugh's shoulder. "I'm glad Lois had the sense to take you, my boy. I was disappointed at the time—but she's shown her wisdom. She is happy. You are happy. Your children are perfect. Your home is wonderful. Hugh, I take back a remark I made to you once. You are the better man."

A smile touched Lois' mouth. "He was always the better man, father," she said. The flickering flames fell on her softly-rounded face, her bright dark eyes, her slender throat with its string of

pearls. "And this time my opinion is worth while. I've had ten years to prove I am right."

AND now Lois and Hugh were alone. She sat in the big chair her father had occupied—sat there quietly a moment. Then, undoing the clasp of her necklace, she began running the string through her fingers. Hugh laughed softly.

"What is the joke, Hugh?"

"Oh, I was thinking of what your father said. I was thinking the time is here when you *can* have costly things if you want them!"

"Really, Hugh?"

"Really," said Hugh. "You know, honey, I never saw this room—until tonight. I just took everything for granted. But it is fine—I can't say what there is about it—but—well, Lois, maybe—maybe; honest, Lois, the place does look sort of rich and dignified."

"That's nice."

"If this looks so splendid what will you do with Foster's? You're to have all you want now. At last you'll have things in keeping with those beautiful pearls! At last, Lois."

"I don't understand, Hugh."

"The house on the hill is yours for the asking."

She looked at him, then her glance went about the beautiful room. It was beautiful. Skill and taste and love had combined to make it so. With a little sigh she went to the window. In the gathering dusk the tall pines stood like sentinels guarding the white gate, the white house. On either side of them ran the rose hedge that she and Hugh's mother had planted. She said no word—just stood staring out with eyes that saw nothing suddenly for the tears in them. Hugh was alarmed at her silence. He sprang up.

"Lois! What is the matter? Why, I expected you to be beside yourself with joy."

"At what, Hugh? At my failure?"

"Failure?"

"Is not this house your home, dear, yours and mine?"

"Sweetheart! Lois! What is the matter?"

"You've had your plans for me? Well, I've had my plans for you. But I've carried mine out." She held up the string of pearls. "These are not real, Hugh, just clever imitations. I sold the real ones long ago."

"Lois!"

"I did not know your dream, but I

knew mine—and could I wear wealth about my throat, when through that wealth a dream might be kept—the dream we had—three of us—when we found our heaven beyond the pine trees? You are standing on one of my pearls, Hugh. It is a costly rug. My pearls built the sun porch—and the lily pool—and bought that inlaid cabinet and decorated this house and put in this furniture, and these hangings—"

"Enough, enough," he said, and his voice was shaking. "Enough, Lois!"

"And now you'd want me to give up this dream. You—"

"Lois, don't, don't—You shall do what you want. Forgive me." His arms were about her shoulders.

"Dearest, your ambitions were on the other side of the pine trees—but I was safe on this side. And we don't want a house built by another man. How could you be happy in Foster's home, Hugh? Let him have it."

"I wanted to give you so much," he said.

She put her arms about his neck, smiling through her tears.

"Indeed, my dear, you'll have to begin giving," she murmured. "Here and now. We want an extension—I'll show you where—for Priscilla is big enough to have her own room. And everything we get from this day on must be from you. Hugh—for the pearls are gone. Every one."

HE laughed blithely.

"I'll buy them back. I'll—"

"No, no, no. I don't want them—and I'm glad you know about them. You have so much skill, Hugh, in your own business, and bothered so little about mine! It was such a good game I hated to play it by myself, but I never wanted to annoy you. Mother would have enjoyed it, I think."

"Let's go out and stand under the pine trees, Lois," said Hugh, gently. "And, dear, for the first time since I've known him I'm sorry for Len Foster!"

Comprehension

By NANCY BUCKLEY

DEAR GOD, let me forget the petty strife,
The small annoyances of every day
And all the little warping things of life
That lurk along my way.

Let me behold Your beauty high and low
In loveliness of trees and grass and flowers;
And let me feel the peace that You bestow
In hush of twilight hours.

Let me, in storm and when the clouds are thinned,
But hear Your voice in music of the sea
And in the golden trumpet of the wind
That blows so wild and free.

Dear God, let me forget each ache and smart
For just a little comprehensive space,
Only remembering with grateful heart
The beauty of Your face.

The Remedy for Social Ills

TO BE FOUND IN THE INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE

By CHARLES R. MALOY

IN SOME mysterious way the beginning of each year is characterized by a desire for reform, by an awakening of the popular mind to the evils which threaten to engulf the social order, and by an effort to bring about the longed for millenium of human happiness. "The old order changeth" is the watchword at the dawn of each chronological cycle, and all earnest souls are in travail to bring forth the *lasting scheme of things*.

These ambitions are as old as history, and beyond doubt, were evident in the first days of tribal government. Plato's "Republic" and all the Utopian efforts down the ages are witness to this tendency on the part of the serious thinkers. Our present century is no exception, and reformers in the political, social and economic orders labor with great pain to give birth to systems that shall produce peace on earth, good will to men. It goes without saying that each reformer is in earnest, that each fondly dreams that his scheme will ultimately bring about the greatest good to the greatest number. The legislative prophet is sure that the desired result will follow from the enactment and enforcement of fitting laws, the socialist prescribes governmental control or ownership of all commodity production as the panacea, whilst the anarchist pins his faith to the abolition of all laws on the principle: *sine lege nullum peccatum* (without law there is no crime).

In all reform, as in all legislation tending towards human well-being, two elements must constantly be kept in mind, viz.: the law itself and the subject upon whom the law is laid. The laws of light refraction are meaningless to the eyes of the blind, and the statutes are dead letters to conscienceless subjects.

The chief mistake of reformers has generally been the contention that good laws will make good men. Plato fondly imagined that a Republic based on the simple procedure of Sparta would redeem the pleasure-loving Athenians, much as some of the French doctrinaires thought that the simplicity of the Swiss mountain

cantons could be enforced on degenerate Paris in the days of Louis Bien-Amie. The Roman jurists were sure that their safe and sane code of laws would so knit the world together that the Roman Eagle would look down in peace and prosperity. The Barbarian hordes put an end to these high dreams and vain imaginings.

The advent of Christianity brought a new phase upon the earth. With its declaration of paramount importance of the individual, of his responsibility for thought, word, and deed to an Invisible Judge, it introduced *conscience* in the modern sense of the word. This change in the history of civilization cannot be overestimated and must never be forgotten by the student of the Tide of Times. The most momentous declaration of its Divine Founder in its effect on the history of the Western World—one without parallel in the doctrine of any other Teacher of mankind—was: "Man is not made for the Sabbath, the Sabbath is made for man." The prime factor in all uplift is the development of the *individual conscience*, without which all law, all effort at reform, is a delusion.

This Christian attitude dominated with fluctuating fortunes the mind of Europe until the middle of the Eighteenth century. Under its aegis grew up the social, political and economic systems that held sway until the beginning of the modern era of revolution. The spirit of it is tersely stated by M. F. Brunetière when he declares: "*The social question is a moral question*"; that is, the social, political, and economic well-being of a people is ultimately reducible to the moral conscience of the individuals.

The first indirect statement of the opposite view—that good laws make good men—is to be found in Vauvenargues' *Introduction a la connaissance de l'esprit humain*, which appeared in 1764. The idea thus launched was taken up by Helvetius—"the good, the innocent Helvetius,"

as Voltaire somewhere calls him—and advocated before the French public in the book that made him famous beyond his wildest dreams. His work *De l'Esprit*, appearing in 1768, contains the following passages: "The vices of a people are always hidden at the root of its legislation. . . . We cannot flatter ourselves with making any change in the ideas of a people except in as much as we change its laws, and it is by the reformation of laws that it is necessary to begin the reform of morals. It is only by good laws that we can have good men."

Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, Morelly, d'Holbach, Malby, Condorcet, whatsoever their differences of origin and education, whether grand masters of letters as Voltaire, or shadowy and sickly plebeians like Rousseau, they were all agreed on this common point: "If the laws are good, morals will be good, and they will be bad if the laws are bad."

They were not left in undisputed possession, however, and men such as Quesnay, Merceir de la Riviere, Mirabeau and others maintained more or less strongly the traditional Christian view. One quotation from Mirabeau must suffice: "Laws," he says, "are but particular applications (*rites*) of morals; morals are the first laws. Where morals reign, the most simple laws are sufficient, and are rarely had recourse to. Where morals are neglected, the laws attempt to foresee every contingency, and are multiplied to so many ramifications that they produce unexampled human corruption, they are without force and without application—*Corruptissima Respublica, plurimae leges* (The more corrupt the body politic the more numerous the laws)."

READING the history of the French Revolution will justify the contention of the Marquis de Mirabeau, and will also serve to enlighten many whose eyes are holden by the fetish of legislation as the means of reform.

French philosophy has exercised a more potent influence in our national life than historians give it credit for. Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche dominate

the Universities, but the Encyclopedists rule the man in the street, the market place and legislative halls. And among the heritages we have received from them none is more in evidence than, (to quote Auguste Comte) "that general tendency so characteristic of the great revolutionary prejudice . . . to seek the satisfaction of all social needs in the change of legal institutions."

THIS historic sketch is warranted by the necessity for perspective, and is justified by the fact that it not only shows the origin of the modern attitude, but likewise emphasizes the point at issue. No chain is stronger than its weakest link, no organism healthier than its feeblest cell, and strength is guaranteed by looking to the links, health by the proper condition of the cells; and leaving the realm of figures, social well-being can only be brought about by developing *individual morality*. No great discovery this, but one that needs special emphasis at the present moment.

The failure of practically every movement of reform that has been based on mere legislation is painfully apparent to all who take an impartial view of the situation. The most striking instance is the Eighteenth Amendment. No movement in recent history has been so universal as the movement for the suppression of the evils of the liquor traffic; it has had the heartiest support from leaders in every grade of society. No movement has a more legitimate object nor makes a more personal appeal to the enlightened and clear thinking elements of the land, while as someone paradoxically declared, prohibition can only be enforced through the consummated efforts of the drunkards. The educational and religious forces have loaned their aid through lessons,—oftentimes exaggerated—on the deleterious effects of alcohol, and the formation of total abstinence societies. With all this an impartial study of the subject leads to the conclusion that prohibition does not prohibit and intemperance is on the increase. In confirmation of this the U. S. Revenue and Prohibition Enforcement reports need only be consulted.

Prohibition has not solved the liquor problem. It has been tried. It is superficial. Those back of the Anti-Saloon League point to the mere passage of the law as the achievement of victory. They seem not to under-

stand that law, in itself, is nothing unless backed up by the sentiment of a people. Law is the effect not the cause.

The exposures of certain periodicals were instrumental in awakening the legislators of the country to the baneful effects of patent medicine nostrums on the health of our citizens and the promulgation of the "Pure Food and Drug Act." Has it been sufficient to bring about reform? A casual glance at our respectable journals will show the reader that the panaceas are "doing business at the same old stand," even to the one which guarantees personal attention to ailing women of a noted philanthropist (?) although her name has been carved "this many a year on her tomb."

So we might go on through many pages to show the inadequacy of mere legislation for the healing of political, social and economic ills. Not that this would be necessary, for no sane man will maintain that law is effective without the respect for law that resides in a well-developed conscience. The mistake consists in relying too much on the objective promulgation and attempted enforcement of law. We do not advocate the ceasing of all legislation, though there be much wisdom in the dictum of one wise man who said that "the country would be benefitted by a ten-year vacation of the legislative bodies." The point for which we contend is that we must work for the development of a *social conscience*, which means primarily the development of the individual conscience.

Dr. George Kerschensteiner, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Munich, Germany, while visiting in Philadelphia said: "Not industry but the increase of justice and culture is the aim of modern society, and if industry disregards these true aims it becomes a danger not only to the State, but to itself. A democracy ruled by money and by the machine-slaves which money can buy is doomed to inevitable ruin, as soon as the fertility of the soil and the gifts of nature are exhausted. Even an industrial state and a democracy need *moral* forces, and these moral forces are not developed with the growth of money princes and the increase of machine-slaves, but only through the progress of *moral* ideas and the development of a love and joy in work." The German was reading us a salutary lesson.

There is no possible solution of

our ills without an awakening of the popular conscience to the existence of those ills, and where the primitive sense of right and wrong is undeveloped the remedies are futile and this applies no matter what economic system is adapted. To put it in another way, the popular mind must be able to know *right* and *wrong* and the popular will must be trained to choose the right and eschew the wrong.

The question next to arise is: Are we really neglecting this development? We shall answer this by an extract from a discourse of Rabbi Joseph Krauskoff to which moralists of every creed or no creed at all will give unqualified assent: "Daily we see parents straining every nerve to have their children become mightily clever, wondrously bright, to see them at the head of their classes or callings, recipients of prizes or honors, forgetting in the meantime that unless equal care be bestowed on culture of heart and soul they may have the satisfaction of seeing their children turn out heartless, soulless, characterless, Godless, notwithstanding all their brilliancy, notwithstanding even all their success in the modern acceptance of that term. Daily we see parents displaying the greatest anxiety that their children receive the best possible physical training, that their bodies be fully developed, that they exercise every muscle in gymnasium or country club or riding school, that they drink in rich drafts of fresh air in park or on country road, yet never giving a thought that physical health without moral health to sustain it, and to guide it and keep it in proper channels, may become animal and beastly, may make its possessors become like unto the "apples of Sodom" of ancient days, of beauteous exterior, but full of rot within."

THIS arraignment by the Rabbi is, to use a Polish metaphor, "on the palm of the hand"; it is all too evident to the observer who is not blinded by the glitter and deafened by the roar of so-called Progress. Our modern methods have polished the exterior of the vessel, while within we have left it full of rottenness and dead men's bones.

The moral side of the soul is of paramount importance not only in view of the future life but also in regard to the present welfare and happiness of the race. The moral law looks to the relations of man to his

fellow man just as stringently as those of man to God—"For if a man say he loveth God whom he does not see and loveth not his neighbor whom he does see, he is a liar." The moral education of its citizens is, consequently, of the utmost importance to the body politic.

Government with its promulgation of the doctrine of tolerance has been more or less necessitated to assume that morality without religion was not only possible, but an ideal to be longed for. We say *with its promulgation of the doctrine of tolerance*, for it must never be forgotten that this was their primary object and not the divorce of morals from religion. The declaration of the best minds in the early history of the Republic establishes this beyond cavil, and the subsequent divorce was but the outgrowth of ideas introduced from the Bentham-Mill School of Utilitarianism.

That religion is a necessity for the continuance in existence of any form of commonwealth is best proved by the very men who are looked upon as the protagonists of Progress. Were we to ask what two men have influenced modern thought most potently the answer probably would be, Immanuel Kant and Auguste Comte. Kant is surely the dominant spirit of the German development while Comte's influence has "been felt throughout the entire world not less profoundly than in France, in the United States as in Italy, in Brazil as in England." Each of these men crowned his philosophic effort at the reconstruction of the world view with a religion; Kant with his "Critique of Practical Reason," Comte with his "System of Positive Politics" and his "Positivist Catechism." These two thinkers found religion an absolute necessity for binding men together in the social bonds.

THE Marquis de Mirabeau's declamation in his "*L'Ami des Hommes*" may be quoted apropos of this: "Suppose that religion be a human invention, a tissue of errors and of deception *in law*, but established on the most ancient convention *in fact*, I ask if amongst those little enlightened anti-prophets there be one who would wish to maintain in cold-blood that society would be more happy were this curb to be removed. If one, sufficient of a fool to hold this, be met with, he will be forced to admit that the fatherland

is a mere idea, that *ubi bene, ibi patria*: that respect for authority is but the law of the more civilized; that our mothers bore us without thinking of us; that our posterity is but a word, friendship nothing but one hand clasping another; honesty but the art of adjusting oneself to circumstance, decency but attention to convenience, fidelity a bond for fools and a decorum for honest people; in a word, each is here for himself alone."

It may be taken for granted then that the welfare of the State depends upon the morality of its subjects and that morality depends upon religion.

But right here arises the crux of the whole difficulty. What system of religious morality shall be adopted? Our government is committed to an absolute attitude of non-interference in the matter of worship. Were the Government to adopt any of the various forms of religion within its borders it would not only contravene the Constitution but would, in all probability, precipitate a revolution the like of which it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive. Could there be found a moral platform broad enough to accommodate the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jew? We think so. That platform is the groundwork of western civilization. It is the basis of the common law of the white world, and is the most succinct and successful manifesto of the principles that must regulate social evolution. That platform is none other than the Ten Commandments. The common standing place for all who seriously contemplate the continuance of the social régime or who wish to stave off the disintegration that follows, as night the day, the materialistic development of any country.

Mr. Chesterton tells us we must make a right about face in every line of so-called progress. Be this as it may, we must take a new grip on the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt not steal," must replace in the minds of our rising generation the "get money, young man, fairly if possible, but get it," and he must be made to understand that stealing comprehends something else besides highway robbery. He must be made to understand that the grafting in politics is stealing, that the modern schemes of "high finance" are no more justifiable than the smaller "lays" of the common thief: and

that endowments for whatsoever purpose do not justify the methods by which the money was obtained in the first place.

The supposedly worn out idea of personal sin must be drilled home in the developing consciences of the rising generation. The Encyclopedists endeavored to laugh sin out of court, but it made itself very conspicuous in the days of the Terror. It is very difficult to ignore a fact, hence the idea of sin was recalled by the evolutionists under the guise of "the residuum of hereditary animality." Call it what you may, it remains a fact that sin is sin and must be reckoned with in all schemes for the uplift of humanity. The most glaring weakness in all socialistic platforms to date, no matter how strong or just may be their criticisms of existing conditions, is their failure to recognize the large factor of "animal residuum" or more ancient "original sin" that enters into the body politic.

The only adequate system for the suppression of the ravages of the "animal residuum" lies in the Ten Commandments, and a propaganda for their observance is of far more importance at the present time than "Insurrection," "New Nationalism," or "Socialism."

The man who desires a morality without a religion cannot object to this as unconstitutional, for the Ten Commandments are the expression of the Natural Law as well as of the Divine Law; in other words they express the rights and duties of men with every possible respect for independent reason. It would be a superfluous work to show this, and an unnecessary labor as the same has been done a thousand times. Nor can the Socialist enter a caveat, for, as Mr. Stokes admits, the Socialist recognizes the existence of "mine and thine," and we know that six, according to one version, seven according to another, of the Ten Commandments look to the regulation of this relation.

WE MAY remark that the question, as to whose right it is to impart moral education, need not vex us at present. We must turn from the fetish of mere legislation as the prime factor in remedying the ills of society, and once we have done this the rest will follow as a matter of course. Not *how* to do it but the actual *doing* of it should be our chief concern.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

THREE UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Why do many Catholics believe that there is a cure in the water on August 15th? What is the Church's opinion of it?* (2) *Is Miriam, the Jewish form of Mary, the Blessed Virgin's real name?* (3) *Why do Catholics kiss the bishop's ring?*—G. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) We have never been able to account for this belief. The Church has no opinion in the matter.

(2) In the Greek versions of the New Testament the Blessed Virgin is always called Marian, except in the gospel according to St. Luke, 2:19, where she is called Maria. Marian was used in order to distinguish the Mother of God from others who also bore that name, as Mary, the wife of Cleophas, Mary Magdalen, and Mary, the mother of Mark. Both Marian and Maria are forms of the earlier Hebrew name, Miriam, meaning "the beautiful one." From Marian and Maria we obtain the English form—Mary.

(3) As a sign of reverence. There is an indulgence of 50 days for this act of respect.

DUBIOUS PRAYER

Please inform me if the enclosed prayer, which was supposed to have been found in the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord, has any value.—J. M., LOCUST VALLEY, N. Y.

We have answered a similar question before. We repeat that we consider the prayer, together with the revelations contained in it, and the indulgences and temporal favors granted for its recitation, as of very dubious value. It is far better to pin one's faith in the protection of God to the prayers and pious exercises of piety which have the explicit sanction of the Church.

CARDINAL'S FLAG: FRIDAY ABSTINENCE

(1) *A non-Catholic asked me to tell him the meaning of the Cardinal's flag, with crossed keys, etc. I regret that I cannot answer.* (2) *The theory was advanced that we abstain from meat on Fridays in this present day because of the gluttony of past generations, that men in power in ages past decreed that meat should not be eaten on certain days in order to save their subjects' digestion, as it were. Is there any truth in the theory?*—M. N., BELLEVILLE, N. J.

(1) As far as we know, there is no cardinal's flag. What your friend probably referred to is the papal flag. This flag is yellow and white in color, and bears the papal tiara and keys in the center. The tiara and keys symbolize the supreme jurisdiction of the pope over the whole church. Under the figure of the keys Christ conferred on St. Peter, and to his legitimate successors, the power to bind and loose. See the gospel of St. Matthew, chapter 16, verse 18.

(2) Abstinance from flesh meat is enjoined by the Church

for the sake of penance. Christ preached penance from the beginning of His public ministry: "Do penance, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand; unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." The Church, which is Christ's representative in the world, prescribes the forms of penance in order that her subjects may fulfil Christ's solemn command. Penance is very distasteful to human nature. Were it left entirely to the individual to obey the precept of Christ, it is much to be feared that most Christians would do little or no penance. The choice of Friday for the practice of penance is very appropriate, Christ having paid the penalty of our sins on that great day. There is nothing of truth in the theory advanced. Whatever may be said regarding sumptuary laws passed by the civil power, if there were any of this kind, it is certain that the Church legislated for the welfare of souls—not the digestion of stomachs.

HINDU FAKIRS

How can you explain the extraordinary feats accomplished by the Hindus, such as placing hot coals to their eyes, driving nails through their feet, and climbing up a rope to disappear in mid-air?—R. C., BOSTON, MASS.

While it is undoubtedly true that many of the feats performed by Hindu fakirs are genuine, it must also be admitted that others, such as disappearing in mid-air, are due to legerdemain. They are clever tricksters, as well as men of extraordinary endurance. Their self-inflicted tortures are explained by their form of religion, which makes the endurance of pain an end in itself. By dint of long practice they harden themselves to perform these difficult feats of self-torture. They glory in this. Unlike the Christian saints, who afflicted their bodies in various ways, in order to atone for sin, the fakirs perform their works to be seen and admired of men, with an eye to the pennies which are thrown into their cups. Showmanship may explain it.

WORKING AMONG LEPERS

Could you tell me if it is possible for a lay person to enlist in volunteer work in a leper colony conducted by the Catholic Church? Is there such a colony in the United States?—C. C., BOSTON, MASS.

We advise you to correspond with the Reverend Superior, Sisters of Charity, U. S., Leper Hospital, Carville, La., making known your desire to engage in this truly Christian work of mercy.

CATHOLIC MARRYING A DIVORCED PERSON

Will you please tell me under what conditions a Catholic may marry a divorced non-Catholic?—L. B., LOUISVILLE, KY.

When the divorced non-Catholic was never really married to his former partner, or when his former partner is dead. Moreover, it is forbidden by the Canon Law of the

Catholic Church to marry non-Catholics. A dispensation from this law can be granted only when there are truly just and serious reasons, and under the condition that the guarantees are given. We must confess that we cannot understand why loyal Catholics are constantly inquiring how they may enter a marriage with a person who has met with failure in a previous engagement.

COMMUNION FOR THE SICK

When the priest brings Holy Communion to a sick person should the patient sit up in bed, or should he sit in a chair?—A. S.

If the patient is confined to his bed, it is proper to receive Holy Communion lying down.

KEEPING THE PLEDGE

Does the use of malt preparations as a tonic, without doctor's orders, break the pledge?—M. N., BOSTON, MASS.

It depends on whether the person making the pledge swore off drinking all alcoholic beverages, or only those commonly considered intoxicating. Recourse to malt preparations seems to indicate a stealthy return to one's former ways.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

(1) Have the Sisters of Charity, established at Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S., anything to do with the Sisters of Charity founded by Mother Seton, and located at Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson? (2) What kind of habit do they wear? (3) Is it a large Order, and are they located in the U. S.? BOSTON, MASS.

C. M.

(1) The Sisters of Charity of Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S., were founded by several members of the New York community of Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson in 1849. Both communities trace their origin to the community founded by Mother Seton at Emmittsburg, Md., though both are now independent of the original foundation.

(2) They wear the same black habit and close fitting cap which distinguish the New York community.

(3) The total number is about 1,000. They have convents in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and Seattle. Their convent nearest to you is located at 788 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

INDULGENCES OF THE WAY OF THE CROSS

Why is it not permitted to specify definitely what indulgences are attached to the Way of the Cross? DIGHTON, MASS.

L. P.

The Holy See forbade priests to attempt to enumerate the indulgences attached to the Way of the Cross because of the controversy which centered about them. They are many and extraordinary. It is generally held by theologians that all the indulgences granted to one who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem may be gained by making the Way of the Cross in a church where the stations have been canonically erected.

OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE

Please give me all possible information regarding the Oblate Fathers. I am very much interested in the Order. Also please give me the address of the Novice Master of the Order.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

R. F. C.

We advise you to communicate with the Rev. Superior of the Novitiate, Oblate Fathers, Tewksbury, Mass. He will be glad to give you information about the Order.

UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) Will you kindly publish some information concerning the papal orders of nobility? Are they hereditary? (2) Can you recommend an unbiased biography of the admirable and extraordinary Pius IX? Where can I obtain a good portrait or large print of him? Has any attempt been made to canonize him? (3) Why were Gregorian chants interdicted? Why was the interdict revoked?—H. C. D., BOSTON, MASS.

(1) Papal decorations are honors conferred on laymen who are of irreproachable character, and who have promoted the welfare of society, the Church, and the Holy See. The titles, which the pope awards as temporal sovereign, embrace those of prince to baron, inclusive. The ordinary title is that of count, which is either personal or hereditary by right of primogeniture in the male line. The decorations are bestowed either by *motu proprio*, and forwarded by the secretary of state, or upon petition of the bishop of the diocese, when they are expedited through the chancery. The papal orders of knighthood according to their importance are: (a) Supreme Order of Christ; (b) Order of Pius IX; (c) Order of St. Gregory the Great; (d) Order of St. Sylvester; (e) Order of the Golden Spur; (f) Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Other decorations include the medals: Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice (For Church and Pontiff); Benemerenti (Good Works); and the Holy Land.

(2) Read the Life of Pius IX by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., published by Kenedy & Co. You will find a short sketch of his life in the Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. xii. A fuller account is given by Rev. Reuben Parsons in "Studies in Church History," vol. vi. Try the Catholic book stores for a picture of him. The process of his beatification has been begun.

(3) Never to our knowledge has Gregorian chant been interdicted by the Church. For a long period the chant was not generally used, but this was not due to any official prohibition. Pius X restored the Gregorian chant because of its peculiar fitness for liturgical usage.

MARRYING ONE OF SIAMESE TWINS

Will you kindly state what is the stand of the Catholic Church towards a marriage between one of the Siamese twins and another individual?

FLUSHING, N. Y.

N. N.

If either of the Siamese twins can meet the requirements for contracting a valid marriage, there seems to be nothing to prevent her being married.

CONFIRMATION: RELATIVES OF SAINTS

(1) A person committed a certain act for some time without realizing that it was a serious sin. When he did find out that it was a mortal sin, he went to confession. During the period when he was in the habit of committing this sin he received the Sacrament of Confirmation. What I wish to know is, did he receive the Sacrament of Confirmation validly? (2) Is it necessary for all the relatives of a person proposed for canonization to be dead? I thought that the sister of St. Therese of the Child Jesus is still living.

MEDFORD, MASS.

N. N.

(1) There are three conditions for the worthy and valid reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation on the part of the one to be confirmed: first, to intend to receive it; second, to have been baptized; third, to be in the state of grace. In regard to the Sacrament of Confirmation we must distinguish the sacramental character of Confirmation from the grace of Confirmation. The first is the indelible

mark produced in the soul, whereby one becomes a perfect Christian and soldier of Jesus Christ. The second is the increase of sanctifying grace in the soul. The sacramental character is always impressed on the soul of a baptized Christian who wishes to receive the Sacrament. But the sacramental grace may not be received, for instance, if the soul is not in the state of grace. But if the soul regains the state of grace, for example, by a sincere confession, the grace of the Sacrament already conferred "revives," as theologians teach.

If the person in question committed the act in good faith, not thinking that it was grievous, then the guilt of grievous sin was not on his soul. Everyone is judged according to his conscience at the moment of his action. In such a case the state of grace was not lost. If, however, the acts were mortal sins, then the good confession, if made prior to Confirmation, prepared the soul for the infusion of grace; if made afterward, the grace of the Sacrament revived. In either case the Sacrament of Confirmation was validly received.

(2) It is not required that the relatives of saints be dead at the time of their canonization. It seems to us that two or three of the sisters of St. Therese of the Child Jesus are still alive, and we know that Dr. Michael Possenti, the brother of our own St. Gabriel, was present at the canonization of his brother.

PRIEST IN APARTMENT

May a Catholic priest be allowed to live in an apartment house?

JAMAICA, N. Y.

C. W.

Priests by virtue of Canon law should always live in quarters which are becoming to their state. Religious priests live in community, and secular priests in rectories. However, the bishop may permit a priest to live in some other lodging when circumstances warrant it.

CHAIN PRAYERS: MARRIAGE: LAY BROTHERS

(1) Are chain prayers forbidden by the Catholic Church? If so, why? (2) Does a Catholic who married before a minister, and afterwards marries again in the priest's rectory, receive the same blessing as those who marry in a church? (3) Does one have to be a Religious in order to join the Order of lay-brothers? What kind of work do lay-brothers perform in a monastery?

CAMDEN, N. J.

J. D.

(1) Chain prayers are forbidden because they are a form of superstition. Superstition means to worship some being as God, who is not God; or to worship the true God in the wrong manner. It is wrong to place one's confidence in prayer in a mere uninterrupted repetition of a prayer by a number of persons. A Christian's confidence in prayer should be based on the explicit declaration of Jesus Christ, Who said: "whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it to you."

(2) Catholics who attempt marriage before a minister are not married in the eyes of the Church. Moreover, they commit a grave sin and are subject to excommunication. Those Catholics who violate the Canon Law forbidding marriage before a minister or civil official must go to confession and be absolved of their sin and the punishment attached to it. If they wish to have their marriage validated, it is necessary to apply for a dispensation from the local bishop. The Church, of course, recognizes as valid all legitimate marriages between non-Catholics, whether those marriages were contracted before a minister or civil magistrate.

(2) Mixed marriages in this country usually take place in the priest's rectory. In such a case there is no nuptial

blessing given to the parties, though they are made man and wife. The Church shows her disapproval of mixed marriage by refusing the nuptial blessing, and the blessing of the ring. These blessings are not necessary to the valid celebration of marriage, but they are dear to every Catholic heart.

(3) Lay brothers are Religious with simple or solemn vows, enjoying the same rights and privileges as other professed members of the community. They usually perform the manual labor of the community, such as cooking, gardening, tailoring, etc.

FATHER POWER'S GRAVE

Why was the cemetery where Father Power's grave is closed? There never was a time more in need of miracles than this age of unbelief, when people even doubt the existence of God.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

N. N.

Father Power's body was removed from the grave, where it had rested for about sixty years, to another part of the cemetery in Malden, Mass., where it could be visited with greater reverence and decorum. During the process of removal it was forbidden to visit the grave in order not to interfere with this removal. Moreover, the ecclesiastical authorities wished to study the reported cures and to see whether or not they were truly supernatural in character. It was not due to any disapproval of invoking the intercession of the saintly priest on the part of the people, but rather to a sober judgment, in conformity with Canon Law, to investigate the matter and prevent any misplaced confidence, and to safeguard religion from the ridicule of unbelievers.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) Is it not true that the Catholic Church is based on hereditary imagination? (2) What is meant by materialism? (3) Adam and Eve had two children, Cain and Abel. Cain killed Abel. From whence did the human race spring? If Adam and Eve had other children they couldn't intermarry, for their posterity would be idiots. Then why doesn't the human race have a streak of insanity in it? (4) Is there a St. Albert in the Catholic Church? If so, would you give me a brief summary of his life?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. S.

(1) By no means. The Catholic Church is based on the unshaken Word of God which "never falleth away." While it is true that the majority of Catholics, as well as Protestants, are brought up in the religion of their parents, it cannot be admitted that adult Catholics adhere to their faith because of the mere accident of birth. Catholics hold to their faith because of an intellectual conviction that God, the Immutable Truth, is the Author of it, and the Catholic Church, God's Infallible Mouthpiece, is the teacher and guardian of it. The more Catholics know of their faith the more firmly convinced they are that the Church, of which they are members, is the depository of God's complete revelation. The Catholic Faith, therefore, is founded not on subjective sentiment or imagination, but on the bed-rock of objective truth.

(2) Materialism is a system of philosophy which denies the existence of any kind of substance except matter, with its inherent energy and force. This system attempts to explain the universe, therefore, in terms of matter, without any reference to a personal and provident God. The theory of a self-created and self-evolved world, and the theory of the evolution of man from the ape by virtue of inherent forces in the ape's body are conspicuous examples of this erroneous system.

(3) Cain married one of his own sisters. It is generally overlooked that Adam and Eve begot "sons and daughters." (Gen. 5: 9.) Marriage between brothers and sisters was allowed in the beginning of the human race because that was the only way in which the propagation of the human race could be effected. "As there were no human beings," says St. Augustine, "except those who had been born of Adam and Eve (Gen. 5:4) men married their sisters, an act which was as certainly dictated by necessity in those ancient days, as afterwards it was condemned by the prohibition of religion." Their offspring were not idiots. But children of such marriages today would in all probability be defective both physically and mentally. It is facetiously said that everyone is more or less crazy. But what can be said with all truth is that human nature has many peculiar kinks in it, which are due, not to the intermarriage of the immediate sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, but to the fact of original sin, which is transmitted to posterity by generation.

(4) St. Albert, Bishop of Liege in Belgium, was the son of Godfrey III, Count of Louvain, and brother of Henry I, Duke of Brabant. He was chosen Bishop of Liege, before he had been ordained a priest, by the suffrage of both clergy and people. When Emperor Henry VI of Germany violently obtruded his own hand-picked candidate into the see, St. Albert went to Rome in order to appeal to Pope Celestine III. While in Rome he was ordained deacon and created cardinal by the pope. Celestine confirmed the choice of the clergy and people of Liege and sent Albert back with a letter of recommendation to the Archbishop of Rheims, who ordained Albert priest and consecrated him bishop. Outside that city soon afterwards Albert was attacked by eight knights attached to the person of Emperor Henry, who took advantage of the confiding kindness of the saintly bishop, and stabbed him to death. He died in 1192, A.D. His feast falls on November 21.

Blessed Albert Magnus (the Great) is better known. He was born in Luringen, Swabia, in 1206, A.D. While very young he joined the Order of St. Dominic. He became a renowned philosopher, theologian and scientist. Blessed Albert taught at Cologne and Paris. Among his pupils was St. Thomas Aquinas, the prince of theologians. He compiled an encyclopedia of the learning of his day. His study of the natural sciences was far in advance of his times. He died at Cologne in 1280, A.D.

THE GREEK UNIAT CHURCH

The pastor of a Greek Catholic church here stated in the newspaper that his church is under the Pope, and that their priests are allowed to marry, that their Mass is said in the old Slav language, and that they had their own bishop, and were not under the diocesan bishop. I will greatly appreciate it if you will advise if that statement is correct, and how it is so. I have always understood that the Roman Catholic Church is the only one under the Pope, and that no privileges such as those stated are ever granted by the Pope to the Church.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

L. C.

It is not true that the Churches which follow the Roman Rite are the only churches under the jurisdiction of the Pope. The Catholic Church has two main divisions: the Western, or Latin, Church; and the Eastern, or Greek Uniat, Church. There is perfect unity of faith and obedience in both groups. But they differ widely in the matter of ecclesiastical discipline and in their rites, or the manner in which they perform the sacred ceremonies. The common Canon Law of the Church does not affect the Eastern Catholic Churches. They have a Canon Law of their own, subject, however, to the Pope's approval. Thus, there is unity in variety. This is not generally known, but such is

the case. And it may be well to state that the Eastern Churches are older than the Western Church, the Faith having first taken root in the East.

It is true that priests of many Churches which belong to the Greek Uniat Rite are allowed to marry. Each Rite has its own laws which govern the matter. In general, it may be said that marriage is allowed before the reception of the order of deacon, and those so married may be ordained priests. One who marries after having been made a deacon cannot be ordained a priest. In some of the Eastern Catholic Churches a married priest is not allowed to marry again. But if he does he must retire from the exercise of the priestly office. Bishops must always be celibates, and are usually drawn from the monastic clergy, who are all celibates. This discipline is very ancient, coming down from the earliest times. The Popes have always recognized the married clergy of the Greek Uniat Churches, and have not forced them to adopt the discipline of the Western Church in this matter. There has been a strong movement, however, in recent years among many of the Eastern Catholic Rites favoring conformity with the Latin Rite in the matter of celibacy, and in several Rites the discipline of the Roman Church has been adopted.

The Mass and sacraments of the Greek Catholic Churches are valid. They differ only in the manner of their being performed. These differences are, therefore, accidental, and not substantial.

Some of the Greek Catholic Churches have their own bishops in this country, who govern them in conformity with the special instructions received from the Holy See.

It should be noted that in the above answer we are speaking of the Greek Uniat Church and not of the Greek Orthodox. The latter is schismatic, not being in communion with the Pope.

PATRICK J. HURLEY

If it is within the scope of THE SIGN POST, please state the religious affiliation of the new Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley.

WALTHAM, MASS.

T. H.

We have found the following note concerning the religious affiliation of Patrick J. Hurley in the Brooklyn Tablet: "The opinion is more or less widespread that Patrick J. Hurley, Assistant Secretary of War, is a Catholic. He is not. Mr. Hurley is from Tulsa, Oklahoma. His father and mother were both Roman Catholics. When he was about five years old his mother died and he was sent to a Baptist institution or orphanage, where he ceased to be a Catholic. His older brothers and sisters are still Catholics. Mr. Hurley and a younger sister, left without the guiding hand and influence of a Catholic mother, have never practised the religion. Mr. Hurley, known throughout the Southwest as an orator of great ability and as a man who decried the intolerance which swept Oklahoma, professes membership in no church, although he does sometimes attend an Episcopal church with his wife, who is an Episcopalian."

ASSOCIATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

I wish to join a society which aims to aid the souls in Purgatory by offering up their prayers and good works for their benefit. Could you tell me if there is such a society?

ROXBURY, MASS.

A. B.

It is not necessary to join a society in order to offer one's prayers and good works for the souls in Purgatory. There are many Purgatorial societies throughout the country. In your own neighborhood there are two we know of: that of the Redemptorist Fathers in Roxbury; the other is established at St. Gabriels Monastery, Brighton, Mass.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

P. B., BURLINGTON, TEX.; M. C. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; T. S., LOUISVILLE, KY.; L. J. B., SWISSVALE, PA.; A. T. F., DAYTON, O.; M. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.; S. C. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.; B. S., ARNHEIM, CAL.; A. M. DRACUT, MASS.; K. E. O'B., NEWBURGH, N. Y.; A. A. F., MEDFORD HILLSIDE, MASS.; E. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; E. C. MCP., LYNNBROOK, N. Y.; M. R. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.; G. H., SWISSVALE, PA.; L. H., CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I wished to obtain a position as teacher in a particular school very much. All teachers were engaged, but at the last minute word was received that one of the teachers was unable to come, and I was engaged. Many thanks and praises to the wonderful St. Jude.—M. C., DAYTON, O.

The following also wish to make public acknowledgment of their thanks to St. Jude: M. A. B., DUNKIRK, N. Y.; J. A. G., BRONX, N. Y.; A. S., ASTORIA, N. Y.; D. E. F., BOSTON, MASS.; M. A. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.; P. M. K., LOS ANGELES, CAL.; A. C. K., ATHENS, O.; A. V. MCK., BRONX, N. Y.; E. DuB., LOUISVILLE, KY.; A. T. H., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.; A. M. S., SALEM, MASS.; A. R. MCC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. O'R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; S. M. M., MAUCH CHUNK, PA.; M. D. MCC., —; H. E. B., NEWARK, N. J.; G. E. M., MEADVILLE, PA.; M. M., LOUISVILLE, KY.; N. B. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; L. MCC., PITTSBURGH, PA.; E. McM., NEW YORK, N. Y.; K. MCC., LOUISVILLE, KY.; H. F. A., —; A. A. S., QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.; M. C. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; M. S., EAST ORANGE, N. J.

E. P., HILLSIDE, N. Y.; R. L., BERKELEY, CAL.; A. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; L. D., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; K. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.; K. MCG., HARTFORD, CONN.; C. A. T., —; M. A., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; T. A., DORCHESTER, MASS.; C. P. S., DUNMORE, PA.; K. F., NEWARK, N. J.; G. E. M., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; M. G. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.; C. J. F., —; R. C. B., W. NEWTON, MASS.; M. A. W., BRONX, N. Y.; M. R., —; E. O. O'S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. E. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. M. E., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; J. B., HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.; M. D. MCG., —; W. J. R., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.; M. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.; R. A. L., IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.; J. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. G. S., CANONSBURG, PA.; S. M. P., MOUNT LORETTO, N. Y.; J. C., CITY ISLAND, N. Y.; A. B., ROXBURY, MASS.; A. L. H., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.; E. S., SALEM, MASS.; M. P. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. B. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. T., BELLAIRE, N. Y.; F. F., BEDFORD, IND.; M. S., SALEM, MASS.; E. J. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. B. ELIZABETH, N. J.; J. J. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.; A. S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.; V. G. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. L. N., LYNN, MASS.; E. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; C. J. B., BROCKTON, MASS.; E. R., TERRE HAUTE, IND.; R. J. B., DORCHESTER, MASS.; J. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. E. MCP., BERMUDA; L. T. M., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

A CORRECTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I call your attention to an answer in the February 1930 issue of *THE SIGN*, page 409. It is regarding the second question on Relationships and reads as follows:

"Is it true that the God-parents of a child may never marry each other?"

According to your answer, one would infer that prior to the Code of 1918, God-parents were not permitted to marry each other, which is not a fact.

I hope you will make a correction concerning this question because it has disturbed the conscience of some people.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

(REV.) ALOYSIUS G. MEYERER.

(We are glad to remove the impression which this answer created in the minds of some of our readers by stating that it was never forbidden God-parents to marry among themselves.—Ed.)

REGARDING SHUT-INS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I like the idea which was mentioned in *THE SIGN* last month about giving some of our valuable space to "Shut-Ins." I am willing to correspond with N. N., whose letter appeared in the January issue, and I am sure that there are many others who would be glad to help enlighten their burden. This suggestion, it seems to me, is a good way to practice the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy.

UNION CITY, N. J.

A. L. P.

(If the Shut-In, whose letter appeared in the January issue of *THE SIGN*, and which elicited several favorable replies, will kindly send us again her name and address, we shall be glad to send them to those who desired to correspond with her.—Editor.)

MUSIC AT MASS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The great love I have for everything pertaining to our holy religion, and especially the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, has prompted the writing of this communication.

Last Sunday I was at a certain Catholic church in a nearby city for the nine o'clock Mass. I received Holy Communion, and also derived much benefit from a very practical instruction given at that Mass on "How to Assist Devoutly at Holy Mass," so that we may the more abundantly partake of the fruits of this Holy Sacrifice. What impressed me most in this instruction, (and which I have never forgotten), was the insistence that it was not the time to pray the beads, or the Stations of the Cross, or litanies, or our private devotional prayers. No! It was the time now to unite with the priest, offer the Mass with the priest, reflecting on the Sacrifice of the Cross and receive Holy Communion. In a word, it was now the time to "pray the Mass."

A few of the Latin prayers were then translated, showing conclusively that no prayers can be compared to the liturgical prayers of the Church, and that everything else, no matter how it may satisfy our private devotion, is entirely out of place during the Holy Sacrifice.

I resolved to remain after Mass to prolong my thanksgiving, and also to hear part of the High Mass. But, oh horrors! to my distraction and distress, what noise—what bombast—what unearthly music! Those screams for mercy,

shouts for pardon, yells for peace, were more than I could stand for, must less sit for. So I got up and left the church in utter disgust, and thought to myself—"is it any wonder that so few were at that High Mass"!

The music and singing at all the divine services should be, (one would think after reading the Pope's letter on music), prayerful, inspiring, soft, restful to the soul, but above all prayerful, helping the congregation to raise their minds and hearts to God, and keep them centered on what is taking place at the altar.

I wonder if the readers of your magazine, which is so well dedicated to fostering the memory of the Sacred Passion, and consequently to everything which pertains to the Memorial of the Passion, the Holy Mass, have ever experienced like sentiments.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. B. CURLEY.

DOM MOCQUEREAU SCHOLA CANTORUM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The Dom Mocquereau Schola Cantorum Foundation, Inc., wishes to correct an error. It is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York for the advancement of Gregorian Chant and Liturgical Music, according to the Motu Proprio of Pope Pius X. It was not founded at The Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C., and has no connection therewith. Its work is general, and is not limited to any educational institution or other body or group.

Feeling certain that you will give proper publicity to this correction, believe me,

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

JUSTINE B. WARD,
President of The Dom Mocquereau
Schola Cantorum Foundation, Inc.

COMMENT ON "FATHER POWER'S GRAVE" LETTER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The letter of T. P. H., Dorchester, Mass., in the March issue of THE SIGN, under the heading "Father Power's Grave," attracted me for two reasons. First: The real Catholic Faith which T. P. H. portrays. It has the right ring, not half-shod like a great number of those in the Church, in every walk of life. Draw the line at none. Women can go half naked, rouge and powder and lipstick themselves until you wonder why they do not seek positions as clowns in a circus. This all as the slaves of fashion, but let their other Catholic friends hear one more Mass, attend special devotions of any kind, or show in any way their devotedness to God and His Church, and what do you hear! "Fanatic, religious nut!" and worst of all it is a common thing to hear: "What do you think, she said this and did that and she is a daily Communicant!" In fact, in my own Parish Church, only a couple of weeks ago, this is what I and many others heard from the Pulpit: "Why, people come here regularly to daily Communion and go home and talk uncharitably about their neighbors." So, it seems as long as you keep a slave of fashion you have no faults, but try to serve God closely and you certainly get it from all sides, which to poor me means a deep lack of Faith, otherwise they would turn the light on their own shortcomings, and keep it there until they had become perfect, then start on their poor neighbor. We are told, "Those in glass houses should never throw stones." Blind Faith gets but poor encouragement, except from those who possess such a treasure, and surely T. P. H. made me happy. If we had twenty million more of his calibre we would have twenty million more Converts.

Second: I met a nun who was cured *instantaneously* by sand from Father Power's grave. I heard of her cure as above and called to see her, desiring to get some of the sand if she could spare it for a friend. I said, "Mother,

were you cured instantaneously by sand from Father Power's grave?" And she told me "yes." She was doctoring for several weeks, got no relief, applied the envelope holding the sand, and summoning all the Faith and fervor possible, begged God, if it was His Holy Will, to cure her through Father Power's intercession, and *instantly* she was cured!

If Catholics, I mean *all*, no matter what walk of life they may be in, would read more concerning what God is doing and has ever done in many souls in His Holy Church they would not be so ready to question His works. They know all the Movie heroes and heroines, both great and small, and are past masters at all that concerns the slavery of the world, but disgustingly dense concerning the things of God. The absurd questions in our Catholic magazines will bear witness to the truth of this. They cannot afford to subscribe to a good Catholic Magazine or Catholic Weekly; seemingly, they can afford nothing where God is concerned but rouge, powder, lipstick, bobs and waves, movies and bridge parties, cigarettes, etc.—oh, that is different. All the latest works are read, and they listen in on the Radio to one who lies about our Church, and to one who was unfortunate enough to be ex-communicated, and then call themselves good Catholics! They would be highly insulted if you called them inferior ones. They tell you that you should know what these people are saying about us. That should not worry them, but what God is saying about us is the point.

The greatest of all Miracles is The Blessed Sacrament. The power of the Priest to command his very God to come to earth. When we firmly believe this, and act and live up to it, to me all else is easy to believe. Blessed Henry Suso, the holy Dominican said: "The reason there are not more miracles is on account of the lack of generosity in souls in serving God." We would not dare serve a dear friend as we serve God. Hurry to Mass and back, Benediction seldom, a tiny visit to Him, if only five minutes, that He so longs for. Nothing doing, no time, no room for Him, just as it was 1,930 years ago. If we had one zealous priest in each Parish who would take up the work of spiritual reading among the people, there certainly would be an untold change in the people.

Here we find a most wonderful little book called "True Devotion to The Passion," gone out of print from lack of demand. Cost only \$1.25. In one meditation alone a good writer could find matter to write at least a volume on. How sad is all this to the Heart of Jesus Crucified!

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. M. H.

THE WAY WE LOOK AT THINGS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read a little editorial recently on a "Worm's Eye View," comparing it with a "Bird's Eye View." It gave me some ideas.

To a worm things near at hand must look very large, because of the angle from which they are viewed. Our difficulties are like that. They seem large because so close, and somehow they have a way of getting between us and God and obscuring the light. That's what makes 't dark, doesn't it? If we could see things from God's angle these difficulties would not bother us at all, because of the broader view. They would appear infinitesimal.

It is hard to understand why people who have means will not give. They could finance all the missions if they would. But they don't love God enough, and would rather hoard their money. Strange to say, I've never heard of a single person who starved to death because he gave God more than he should. Have you? I think such a person will have a special claim on God's mercy at the judgment day, and might escape Purgatory altogether (if such a person can be found)!

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

F. B. S.

The Levitical City

"REDOLENT OF MANY-CENTURIED, MANY-VICTORIED FAITH"

By P. W. BROWNE, D.D., Ph.D.

NO OTHER European country has been so frequently misrepresented, none so often maligned, as Catholic Spain, mainly by people who have never visited this enchanting land and have derived their information from sources whose chief ingredient is malevolence. The writer has travelled extensively in the Iberian Peninsula, and in addition, has long been associated academically with men who are native sons of Spain and products of one of its universities.

To Spain belongs the glory of the discovery of America. When all other nations abandoned the Genoese sailor, Christopher Columbus, Spain adopted him, and blessed him as he sailed away from Palos, to reveal the existence of a New World, where she saw a widening of the kingdom of God on earth. A Roman Pontiff secured to her by all the weight of his authority the newly-found world; and it was fitting that he should do so, for Spain enjoyed the distinction of being the only nation whose kings had ever borne the title "Catholic." This title dates from the sixth century, and was first bestowed on the Visigothic King, Reccared, at the time of his conversion from Arianism. Some other nations, it is true, also enjoyed papal favor, and their rulers, in later times, could boast of Pontifical distinctions; but they were of less significance,—for example; Austria, whose Emperor was known as "His Apostolic Majesty"; France whose King was known as "His Most Christian Majesty"; and—shall we say it? England's Sovereign still bears the anachronistic title, "Defender of the Faith."

From the viewpoint of an American Catholic, Spain has a greater distinction than this: her venturesome sons planted in our soil four centuries ago the seed of the Faith which was nurtured by the blood of martyrs, such as the apostolic Juan de Padilla—martyred on the plains of Nebraska (1542), and the zealous Luis Cancer de Barbastro—martyred in Florida (1549). Other Spanish missionaries—Minims, Hieronymites, Franciscans, Dominicans, Jesuits, and secu-

lar priests—cultivated the tender plant, whose maturity, on American soil, is evidenced in the founding of St. Augustine, the oldest parish in the United States.

St. Augustine can trace its origin to Seville; but there exists in Spain another city beyond the borders of Andalusia, whose designation historically is levitical. It has numerous other qualitatives, but none of these is so expressive of its erstwhile glories. This city is Toledo, often-times referred to as "the Pompeii of Spain," and "the Widowed City of the Goth."

Toledo, though shorn of its imperial glory, outranks in ecclesiastical dignity all other cities in Spain. Even in physical aspect it is unique. Built on an eminence (not unlike the City of Quebec), it rises majestically from a treeless vega, while the lordly Tagus in its course to the ocean winds its turbulent way beneath the city walls. Toledo is impressive from every angle; viewed from *La Sagra*—the great plain which lies between the city and Aranjuez—it is imposing; and seen at sunset its age-worn walls evoke a mysterious reverence. Crossing the Alcantara bridge which spans the Tagus I began to realize that perched on the hill above me was a city redolent of many centuried, many-victoried faith

"Where Mammon has not brought his
barbarous train,
Where one may wander at the mid-
day hour;
When lofty belfries clash their bells
amain,
And Gabriel's greeting echoes from
each tower."

What struck me particularly crossing the bridge (built by the Moors in the eighth century) was the notice posted at the entrance to the right: "Begging and blasphemy are prohibited in this city." It has a high tower in which is set a statue of San Ildefonso, tutelar of Toledo. The streets of Toledo are narrow and tortuous, lined with massive stone houses much discolored with age, sombre and severe. Many of them have patios and other oriental charac-

teristics, which the Christians adopted after the expulsion of the Moors.

The city is very ancient; and it is supposed to have been founded several centuries before the Christian era. It is claimed that the name is of Hebrew origin, being derived from Toledoth ("City of Generations"). When it was taken by the Romans (in 193 B.C.) it was, according to Livy, *urbs parva et munita* (a small but fortified city). Christianity was introduced into Toledo by St. Eugenius, a disciple of St. Denis. He is said to have been its first bishop and founder of its episcopal see. It suffered violent persecutions under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximus, one of its illustrious martyrs being St. Leccadia (d. December 9, 304?).

DURING the Visigothic period Toledo assumed importance and became a metropolitan see with seventeen suffragan dioceses, and during the following centuries the see was occupied by many learned prelates, the most remarkable among them being St. Ildefonsus (659-668) who extirpated the Jovinian heresy which denied the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin. There is a tradition which says that St. Ildefonsus was visited by our Blessed Lady who invested him with a chasuble while preaching in defense of her virginity. This event is commemorated in a chapel located in the north aisle of the Cathedral, where Cardinal Rojas erected a shrine over the exact spot. The chapel is profusely decorated with relievos representing the Saint—while preaching his remarkable sermon and receiving the sacred vestment. There is a slab of marble near the altar, on which the feet of the Blessed Virgin alighted, bearing the inscription: *Adoremus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus* (Let us adore in this place where her feet hath stood).

During the occupation of Toledo by the Moors the condition of the Christians was precarious; yet the Church was active, and there is only one instance of a bishop (Elepandus) who apostatized.

With the reconquest of the city by Alfonso VI of Castile, in 1085, Cath-



A VIEW OF HISTORIC TOLEDO FROM THE LOWLANDS.

olicism entered upon a prosperous era, and Toledo became the envy of all the churches in the kingdom, notably during the episcopate of Bernard, a Cluniac monk and Abbot of Sahagun, in whose time the principal church of the city was restored to Catholic worship. During the pontificate of Urban II (1088-1099) was issued a Bull conferring on Toledo a dignity which it still enjoys—primacy over the churches in Spain. During this pontificate the Roman Rite was substituted for the ancient Isidorian or Mozarabic, though the latter was revived at a later date by Cardinal Ximénez. It is celebrated daily in the Mozarabic chapel, located in the southwest corner of the Cathedral, where may be seen one of the earliest copies of the Mozarabic Ritual, printed at Alcala le Henares in 1500. Formerly there were six Mozarabic churches in Toledo, but only two remain (San Marco and Santa Justa). In these the old Mozarabic Rite is used only on the feasts of their titular saints.

The term "Mozarabe" is derived from the Arabic *must-arab*; and the Christians living under Moslem rule were called "Mozarabes." They usually lived in a separate district, and were allowed to govern themselves to some extent, having law courts and some administrative officials of their own. They were allowed to retain their Christian worship, and as a rule were not persecuted, although frequently insulted by the Moslems. Here it may be noted that an attempt to revive the Mozarabic Rite was made recently in Mexico by an organization which styles itself "Church of Jesus," an offshoot of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

APRELATE of the Church in Toledo (1210-47) was Archbishop Rodrigo de Rada, a learned writer, statesman, counsellor of kings, and a great warrior, who took part in the battle of *Las Navas de Tolosa* (July 16, 1212) when the allied kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre gained

a victory over the Moslems. He began the building of the present Cathedral and founded the schools known as *Estudios Generales*. Later came the distinguished Archbishop Pedro de Tenorio, founder of the great hospital of *Villafranca de Puente*, which is still in existence. Then came the noble and wealthy Cardinal Pedro de Mendoza, known as *el gran Cardinal de España*, (the Great Spanish Cardinal) whose activities were prodigious. He is sometimes referred to as *tertius rex* (the third ruler) owing to the important services he rendered to Ferdinand and Isabella while they were endeavoring to oust the Moors from Spain. He founded numerous institutions, one of which—the *Hospital de la Santa Cruz*—may still be seen on the east side of the Zocodover.

Perhaps the most distinguished member of the sacerdotal aristocracy of Spain was his successor, Francisco Ximénez de Cisneros (1495-1517). He was a learned and saintly Franciscan, who eschewed temporal digni-

ties and lived the life of a friar. Numerous institutions owed their origin to this indefatigable prelate.

Among the many things accomplished by him should be noted the foundation of the great University of Alcala and the printing of the Complutensian Polyglot Bible—one of the most remarkable scriptural publications ever issued. His career has few parallels in Catholic annals; and in Toledo there still exist many evidences of his priestly zeal. It will interest American Catholics to learn that mainly through his activities came into being, among other great enterprises, the *Casa de Contratacion* which materially aided Catholic missions in the Western World.

TOLEDO is famous for its Church Councils, national and provincial. It is said "they represented and illustrated the spirit of the age; and they were really Convocations and Parliaments where affairs of both

Church and State were adjusted." The "Acts" of many of these are extant, beginning with the earliest (held in 396).

Besides its Cathedral, Toledo once contained 110 churches, 34 hospitals, a university and several colleges. The "gnawing tooth of time" has destroyed many of these institutions; but the Cathedral and others remain. The voice of the Goth echoes amid Roman ruins, and the step of the Christian treads on the heel of the Moor.

The Cathedral is its crowning glory; yet its exterior is not striking as is the facade of either Burgos or Compostella. It is built on the site of a mosque which was destroyed by St. Ferdinand, and the first stone was laid on August 14, 1227, by Archbishop de Dada. It has eight elaborate entrances of different styles, with a tower crowned by a circle of iron rays, terminating in a colossal cross. The most convenient entrance (at

least I found it so) is by the *Puerta de la Presentacion* which leads through the cloisters. A descent of nine steps brings one to the spacious interior which consists of a nave with double aisles supported by eighty-four piers. To me the most attractive features were the *coro* (choir) and the *capilla mayor* (principal chapel) where stands the high altar which is lavishly decorated. The choir is a veritable museum of sculpture. It has seventy stalls separated by marble columns, and the name of each locality represented is carved on each seat. In the center is the Primate's throne, and over it is a Transfiguration of exquisite workmanship.

THE Cathedral has forty chapels, all elaborately furnished. The most of these are votive offerings; and the decorations are the work of famous Spanish and foreign artists. The chapel in which I was most interested is that dedicated to



TOLEDO: MOORISH ARCHITECTURE TRANSFORMED INTO A CHRISTIAN TEMPLE.

San Ildefonso, to which I have already alluded in connection with the miraculous visitation by Our Lady. Here may be seen, in addition to the slab commemorative of the miracle, the busts of St. Isidore and St. Leander who occupy such a large place in the history of ecclesiastical Spain.

NEARLY all the large Spanish churches which I have seen possess sacred treasures and other memorials; and Toledo has many things of this nature; its tesoro (treasury) contains a bewildering number of objects of historic interest, among them the flag of the galley commanded by Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto (October 7, 1571). There are more than a hundred reliquaries. There also may be seen a magnificent custodia (monstrance) of the sixteenth century, weighting nearly seventy pounds, surmounted with a cross said to be made with the first gold brought from America by Columbus. I understand it is used during solemn processions of the Blessed Sacrament and during the octave of Corpus Christi.

In addition to the Cathedral Toledo has numerous churches of historic interest many of which have come down from the Visigothic period. Some are of Christian origin; and there are others, not of Christian origin, which have an interesting history, chief of which are: *Christo de la Luz*, *Santa Maria la Blanca*, *El Transito* (San Benito), and *Santo Tome*. *Christo de la Luz*, which dates from the tenth century, is one of the most striking remnants of Moorish architecture in Spain. It derives its name from a legend, according to which the horse of the Cid (Roderigo Diaz) passing by this building one day, stopped and knelt; whereupon the wall towards which he was facing was opened, and a statue of Christ was found within a niche lighted up by the identical lamps that had been placed there by the Goths centuries before.

Santa Maria la Blanca was once a synagogue, erected by wealthy Jews within the barrio, or quarter, to which they were restricted in the city. This, it is said, was a favorite section for the exercise of the zeal of St. Vincent Ferrer, the famous Dominican. There he was wont to preach often and so vehemently that the Jews were ultimately driven out. The synagogue was then converted into a church which was dedicated to the Blessed

Virgin under the title of *Santa Maria la Blanca* which seems to recall the great church in Rome which originally was known as *Sancta Maria ad Nives* (Our Lady of the Snows). It is now known as St. Mary Major's. The pulpit from which St. Vincent preached (he usually spoke in the open) is still preserved in a square close by the church of Santiago, which is easily reached from the Plaza de Zocodover, the favorite promenade of Toledans. The pulpit is of richly panelled stone and is in an excellent state of preservation. *El Transito* is so called from a picture representing the death of the Blessed Virgin, which was once kept there. The building was originally a synagogue—the wealthiest in Toledo—and was built by a rich Jew, Samuel Levi, who was the treasurer of Pedro the Cruel. When the Jews were expelled from Toledo, in 1494, by Queen Isabella, the synagogue was given to the Order of Calatrava, converted into a church and dedicated to San Benito.

Santo Tome was formerly a

mosque, and it has a distinct Moorish aspect. It is not one of the great churches of Toledo but it attracts many visitors as it contains the reputed masterpiece of Domenico Theotocupuli, called El Greco, because he was a Greek by birth. The picture, according to legend, represents the burial of the Count de Orgaz, which was miraculously attended by St. Augustine and St. Stephen, in this very church. It is one of the most realistic paintings I have ever seen.

THOUGH the population of Toledo has diminished since it was the Capital of Spain and its bishops were "mitred kings," its ecclesiastical organization is quite vigorous. It has a much larger number of Catholic institutions than any city of similar size in the United States, or elsewhere, as far as I know. Under the direction of its distinguished Cardinal Archbishop, the clergy are ardent champions of the Faith, with a Catholic news bureau which has wide-spread ramifications; and its other Catholic activities are in no sense moribund.

The First Station

By MATTHEW RICHARDSON

JESUS condemned to death! Alas, by whom?
By me: I made my heart His Judgment Hall;
Where Unbelief, before pronouncing doom,
Delicately washed his hands in sight of all.
There swarm my deeds of sin.
Mine are the grinning mouths from stews and sty,
And mine each proud mask from the Sanhedrin.
With all my sins I cry out, "Crucify!"

Jesus, we offer Thee our death, and we pray:
Fold it in Thine as the ransom of our hatreds.
Thou, by Thy love for these who slay,
Bearing the sins of the world away:
Help us to forgive! If we hate our foes,
Hail on our lips is the soldiers' homage:
Scornful regalities, bullyings, blows,
Crowns, but of thorns for Thy Way of Woes.

Arise and come away
And soar to Him above!
Not yet, alas; unless I go this way,
I shall not find my Only Love.
Ah, think, poor soul, how He
Shows even in thee this faith:
He lived thy life, such life He lived for thee,
And walks for thee to such a death.

Auntie Betsey Sees To It

THAT IS, BOTH THE ORPHANAGE AND THE ORPHANS

By ENID DINNIS

A CERTAIN amount of originality is claimed for this story on the score that although in modern stories the heroine is frequently dead before the conclusion, (sometimes with her head in the gas-oven, if the story is *very* modern) the heroine of this story had been dead about twenty-five years at its commencement—for of course Auntie Betsy is the heroine, and if the reader does not find her alive enough for that *role* the author will be duly disappointed.

Auntie Betsy's remains—to call them relics would be to supplement rather than to anticipate the decrees of the Church—lie in one of the unmonumented graves on the older side of the Catholic cemetery. She had ruled it so in her last instructions or, doubtless, her numerous foster-progeny would have seen to it that she had a fitting memorial.

Auntie Betsy (a fast-dying tradition has it that her name was Elizabeth O'Fallon) was the foundress of the orphanage for Catholic children, known as "The Cottage Home." She had been a poor working woman who, in the days before organized charity took cognizance of the needs of the waifs and strays, had taken little outcasts of the streets into her poor home and cared for them.

Neighbors had assisted her efforts when the number increased, and voluntary contributions had kept the little family going. By degrees it had grown from this small and almost reprehensible inefficient beginning into the present admirable, well-staffed, well-inspected, well tooth-brushed institution.

Auntie Betsy, as she was always called by the children, had lived to a good old age, keeping the reins of the growing work well in her hands, and at her death her mantle (not the real one, with a fringe, which matched her bonnet with satin strings) had descended on Sister Grace—or Matron, it must have been—and the Home developed and flourished, with something of Auntie Betsy's spirit dominating it, for all that it satisfied the requirements of the Government Inspector.

Nobody wrote Auntie Betsy's

"Life." She passed on traditionally in stories told of her by those who had been her children: who had rushed to her arms with their troubles and who had learnt many a sublime lesson of the Faith, sitting on the floor at her knee, or standing by the Crib, holding her roughened but ever-gentle hand. Old Deborah who did the sewing at the Home kept the tradition alive there, having been herself one of Auntie Betsy's initial family.

It was probably due to old Deborah that the anniversary day of Auntie Betsy's death continued to be observed by visits to her grave and the placing of flowers thereon, to which little act of veneration was usually appended some request or other. The custom had the sanction of ancient usage, for Auntie Betsy had been dead at least twenty-five years. Moreover, it could not be denied that the outbreak of scarlet fever had been most wonderfully arrested after Auntie Betsy had been invoked. Matron and Sister Grace did not discourage the visits. They were really quite good Catholics, although down on the interchange of hair-brushes, and otherwise materially preoccupied. The tinies, likewise, were taken at the approach of Christmas to remind Auntie Betsy that Santa Claus might require a jog. Sister Grace winked even at that little custom. She really was a pious soul although she sometimes resorted to antiseptics in the place of prayer.

So quite a little cult might be said to have sprung up round the place where Auntie Betsy's relics—remains, I mean—lay. But so far the cult had been strictly limited to the Home connection. The floral tributes which found their way to the unmarked grave were from old boys and girls, and the favors received from Auntie Betsy were restricted to them and their families. The extension of her clientèle to outsiders was quite fortuitous. It happened thus, and the little incident is recorded with the necessary reservations, although there is no reason to sup-

pose that Auntie Betsy's cause for canonization will ever be sent over to Rome. No one has the material for her "Life" except her children, and none of them are literary.

Edward Bridlethorpe had no connection at all with the Home, although he was an orphan right enough—from the age of three—and as friendless as any who had found their way to Auntie Betsy's care. He was grown up, too, when the incident occurred, but Auntie Betsy's heart was a large one; and there was much of the child about Edward Bridlethorpe. In the first place, he had become a little child to enter the Kingdom of Heaven—that is, the Catholic Church—and that took some doing, for his uncle, Mr. James Bridlethorpe, who had brought him up, was implacably grown-up. He did not so much as believe in the survival of the soul—and he had raved and said terrible things at the time, not the least of which was that the Catholic Church had fostered the universal delusion with the most poisonous efficiency of all the religions invented by the diseased instincts of man.

EDWARD Bridlethorpe was a child in other ways. He was a poet. When I have said that, I have said much. He had the artistic temperament and, with that said, Edward Bridlethorpe has something in his defence.

He had broken the news brusquely to his uncle, because of the horrid pain that it gave him to do it. The effect had been worse than he had anticipated, even.

"Think any foolery that you like," his uncle had said, "but why take action, and in the very way that you know would stink in my nostrils. There are plenty of religious bodies that take members without binding them to anything beyond an opinion."

Because he had been able to see his uncle's point of view so clearly, Edward Bridlethorpe had become despairing. He had made no attempt to explain. His apparent callousness had stung his uncle to fury.

"Have what opinions you like," he had repeated, "but listen to this: the moment you take this action you

become as dead to me as the dead yonder," and he had pointed to the distant view of the cemetery, to be seen from his window.

It was the cemetery where Auntie Betsy lay buried, but that is neither here nor there.

"Then I may take it that I am dead and buried," his nephew had replied.

AND he had "died," and buried himself—out in the world, which had hitherto adjusted itself to his requirements.

He ought to have been able to stand on his own feet, with a good education behind him, but Ted Bridlethorpe was really a child. (Auntie Betsy must have seen that.) He was ready enough to turn his hand to anything—that, indeed, had been the trouble. The Cambridge-bred youth did not turn his hand to tasks to which he had not been reared with the success that he anticipated. He started with road-mending, and came down in the world with a dull thud instead of a graceful Franciscan gesture. Later, an acquaintance of former days came across his head and shoulders appearing above sandwich boards, and disgrace immediately connected itself with that perfectly honest way of earning a living.

There was a lack of common sense about Ted Bridlethorpe's way of wooing the Lady Poverty. The end of three or four years found him in a bad way. He had no work, and he had come to a pass when he felt that he could no longer go on owing his kind landlady rent. He was in arrears, and she was but a poor working woman. The least he could do was to clear out and enable her to let the room to somebody who could pay.

Such was the state of affairs at the juncture when Ted Bridlethorpe enters this story, in the character of an outside client of Auntie Betsy.

He had scraped together the few pennies in his possession and handed them to Mrs. Brown in part-payment, telling her a fairy tale about "friends whom he meant to look up" who would be certain to help him. It had not been quite a lie. Ted abominated lies, but particularly lies told to people who believe you, and good Mrs. Brown had looked him straight in the eye and believed him. Otherwise she would never have let him go. He had salved his conscience by telling himself that he would make the term apply to some of the helpful saints.

Not that the saints had helped him much, so far.

All that day and the night following he had tramped the streets. Morning found him taking the direction of his old home. Not that he had the slightest intention of seeking his uncle. Uncle James never went back from his word, and he, Ted, was still dead, as dead as the dead in the cemetery.

He happened to pass the gates of the latter just when the want of food and sleep was beginning to overcome him. It was about ten o'clock and there was an interment taking place in the newer portion of the ground. Ted Bridlethorpe headed for the old part. Tramps are not encouraged by the custodians of cemeteries. But if the living might not be allowed to sleep there, at least he could stroll quietly among those who had got permission. They would not interfere with him! They were dead enough.

He recalled his uncle's bitter tones. Poor Uncle Jim, he had been good to him. He had not understood. If only he might be brought to realize that he, Ted, was not an utterly callous, ungrateful brute. He was feeling horribly, abominably lonely. The place was solitary. He was threading his way aimlessly among the neglected mounds. Those who lay there had long since been forgotten. But, no, there was one exception. He had stumbled across Auntie Betsy's grave. It had a magnificent wreath of flowers on it which had evidently just been deposited by an old man with a white beard who was standing there. The old gentleman gave a friendly nod to Edward Bridlethorpe as he approached. The latter glanced at the wreath. It bore an inscription:

"IN LOVING MEMORY OF AUNTIE BETSY, THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND."
FROM WEE TOMMY.

The old man smiled at him.

"That's me," he said, with pride. "I was her first orphan. She found me crying under a railway arch, when I was a little fellow of three, and she took me home and brought me up a Catholic. But of course you'll know all about her. You'll be one of her orphans, too?"

Ted disclaimed the honor. "Auntie Betsy." It struck a sympathetic chord in his heart. He had been brought up by an "Auntie"—Uncle James's gentle little wife. God rest her soul!

His confession of ignorance drew forth the story of the beginnings of The Cottage Home. She was one of the Saints, was Elizabeth O'Fallon, but no one ever called her anything but Auntie Betsy. If they had been allowed to put up a tombstone it would have had to have "Auntie Betsy" on it or no one would have known whom it meant. Numbers of the old children came with flowers to her grave on Auntie Betsy's anniversary, but he had been first in the field.

"That's why I took you for one of them," Mr. Thomas Smith explained, in conclusion.

TED BRIDLETHORPE smiled, forlornly.

"I'm an orphan right enough," he said. "I lost my parents when I was three years old, too. I was brought up by an uncle."

"Is he dead, too?" the old man asked. This boy looked as though he might be in trouble.

"No, but I haven't seen him for five years. He threw me over—or I threw him over. I don't know which."

He was not going to say more, to this stranger.

"Well, well," the old man said. "We must ask Auntie Betsy to see to it and set it right between you. She and your good uncle agreed with one another, anyway, on the subject of orphans."

"Yes, you are right. My uncle was very good to me."

"Auntie Betsy will see to it," the old man repeated. "She's the one to help."

Ted had an idea that Mr. Tommy Smith was wanting to be alone. He moved on his way. He was right. As he walked off the old man produced a small packet from his pocket. It was wrapped in white paper and on it was written:

"To be taken by the first orphan that comes along."

There is no reason to keep the reader in suspense. The packet contained half-a-crown.

The children from the Home would soon be coming along. No one else was likely to pass that way. That poor boy had been an exception. He was not likely to return, and if he did—well, if he was down on his luck he was welcome to the coin. He might think it was meant for him as he was an orphan, so he would be doing no wrong in taking it. Poor

boy. "Wee Tommy" wished now that he had found out if he was in need of that kind of help.

As for the object of his commiseration, he was walking along, deep in thought. Old memories had been stirred up. Yes, Uncle Jim had been very good to him. He and Auntie Betsy had a point in common. How he would love to see Uncle Jim and tell him that he was not an absolutely graceless brute. But if he sought him out he would be misunderstood.

It had been a pleasant little episode to come across Auntie Betsy. She sounded a nice human kind of Saint. A Saint that Mrs. Brown, his landlady, who was a Wesleyan, might tumble to. If he had only known her a day sooner he could have told Mrs. Brown that he was about to seek help from "Auntie Betsy." It would have been most convincing. Auntie Betsy might, indeed, help him to substantiate his "fairy tale" now. It was the thing to do if you visited her grave to ask a favor, Wee Tommy had told him so.

He would "seek help" from "Auntie Betsy." He sat himself down on a flat tombstone. He was sick and dizzy with hunger. He was lonely. If only he could run up against Uncle Jim and tell him that he hadn't meant to be a brute.

"Auntie Betsy, pray for me," murmured Ted Bridlethorpe, making good his "fairy tale." But he had told Mrs. Brown that his friends were sure to help him. That had to be made good, too. "Now, Auntie Betsy!" said Ted Bridlethorpe, challengingly.

THE interment at the other end of the cemetery was over. One of those who had followed was lingering on the path. It was the deceased's family lawyer. He had been present in that capacity and had loathed the whole business. Any funeral with a religious service was distasteful to him and this, the first Catholic one he had attended, had been beyond everything, with its spells and incantations! They had almost succeeded in hypnotizing him into believing that his late client was in existence and benefiting by it all! It had all been so practical. The deceased was in the present tense. It had not been simply a declaration of "Peace, perfect peace," for the survivors. The survivors had helped to

work the spell, walking round the grave and sprinkling the coffin. Poisonous business!

A sudden disinclination to re-enter the coach with the mourners had overtaken him. He could not explain it, but thus it was. As he stood there on the path, hesitating, an old gentleman, unconnected with the funeral party happened to come along. He paused, glanced at the man who stood there, and volunteered the information:

"There is a short cut that takes you to the south gate, over the old part of the ground."

The person addressed had no notion how this old fellow knew that he was wanting the south gate. As a matter of fact, it was the one nearest to his home. He made up his mind on the spot to walk. There was to be no formal reading of the will so he had completed his part. He need not rejoin the mourners. He thanked his informant and started across the diagonal path indicated.

Old Mr. Smith stood looking after him and rubbing his chin.

"I wonder what made me tell him that?" he queried. "Auntie Betsy must have put it into my head."

Mr. James Bridlethorpe—if the reader has not already guessed that it was he, I do not think much of his intelligence—was inclined, like Ralph Emerson and the poet Gray, to improve the occasion as he traversed the place of the dead. His reflections were cynical. There were wreaths on the more recent graves. The Chinese, Mr. Bridlethorpe reflected, put food and money on the graves of their ancestors. They were even more practical than these Catholics, with their incense and holy water. The ancient Egyptians believed that the disembodied spirit hung about, trying to reenter the body. Catholics, apparently, did not hold that belief, for they had a nasty way of distributing the remains of their Saints. He had seen their heads and shoulder-blades in different places on his travels in Europe. Logical enough, if they really believed that virtue was attached to relics. They were a matter-of-fact, unsentimental lot, and so confoundedly *practical*! However the boy Edward, with his poetry and sentiment, could have taken up with them he could not imagine. The only practical thing the boy had ever done was to go off and join up with them.

Even as these thoughts came into his mind his eye fell on a distant figure. Someone walking ahead of him a long way off. It reminded him in some indescribable way of the boy. Of course it was his fancy for it could not be he. Why should it? And if it were, what then? The boy was dead to him. As dead as the dead who lay round about him.

Mr. James Bridlethorpe picked his way diagonally amongst the mouldering heaps heaved up by the earth, as the poet Gray would have expressed it. As he did so his eye was attracted by a grave which differed from its neighbors inasmuch as it was tidily kept and decorated with flowers.

Mr. Bridlethorpe halted and had a look at the grave in question. He read the inscription on the floral offering. There was a human note about it that touched his heart. Auntie Betsy, the orphan's friend, must have been dead years and years.

Then he noted a small white packet lying near the wreath. He went to the length of picking it up in order to read what was written on it. He read the words:

"To be taken by the first orphan that comes along."

It obviously contained a coin. It was not intended, like the Chinese offerings, for the deceased. There was a nice, living note about all this. But what on earth did it mean? The next moment, a key to the mystery presented itself. He saw two little girls approaching dressed in the neat blue uniform of The Cottage Home. Official orphans. They were making for Auntie Betsy's grave, with a bunch of flowers. James Bridlethorpe's alert legal brain began to grasp the situation. He retired to a distance and then stood and watched.

One little orphan outran her companion, but on reaching the grave she immediately knelt down and, with great piety, began to say a prayer, without even noticing the white packet. The second, arriving more tardily, with greater observation but less piety, immediately spotted it and, picking it up, showed it to her companion.

They stood with their heads together examining the contents. Uncle James was intensely interested in the little episode. It was so very human and amusing. He moved on quite reluctantly, and continued to pick his way among the graves when,

suddenly, there was a pattering of feet and he was accosted by two rather flushed little girls.

"Please, sir," one of them said, rather breathlessly, "will you tell us which of us ought to keep Mr. Smith's half-crown? She found it first on Auntie Betsy's grave, and she says she ought to have it, but I got there first, only I didn't see it, and it says, 'To be taken by the first orphan that comes along.'"

She held the packet out for Uncle James's inspection. It was obvious that they had taken him for a visitor on his way to Auntie Betsy's grave and considered themselves introduced—by Auntie Betsy, as it were.

He would very much like to know more about Auntie Betsy.

They noticed a slightly intrigued look on his face and explained more.

Mr. Smith was Auntie Betsy's first little orphan. She had found him crying with cold and hunger in the streets and taken him home with her. He always came first to her grave on the anniversary of her death. "Auntie Betsy's feast," they called it. "We come too, to ask her for toys from Santa Claus," the other orphan put in. Mr. Smith doesn't ask for toys, but he gives Matron some money, and we think that Auntie Betsy tells him to."

"How do you know that Mr. Smith put the money there?" the legal recipient of their statement enquired. "It might have been Auntie Betsy herself."

HE FELT ashamed, directly after, for pulling the poor kiddies' leg. But they shook their heads. It was old Mr. Smith. But no doubt Auntie Betsy had told him to. He was her first little boy, and there had been hundreds and hundreds at The Cottage Home. (Mr. Bridlethorpe had failed to track down the way that "miracles" are made.)

They returned to the knotty point of the ownership of the half-crown. It might have taxed the wisdom of a Solomon. Uncle James took rather a startling line. He had a lawyer's genius for finding a way out.

"But I was here before either of you," he told them, "and I am an orphan too, although Auntie Betsy didn't bring me up. Most people are orphans at my age. Don't you think it ought to belong to me?"

The children looked at each other and at Uncle James. He certainly was far too old to have a daddy and a

mummy, and people without these were orphans, sure enough.

"We must play fair," Uncle Jim said, very gravely.

"That's what Auntie Betsy always said," the children agreed. And without further demur the child in possession proceeded to hand over the treasure.

"Stop a bit," the representative of Solomon said. "I've thought of a better way. 'Suppose I add another half-crown, and you each take one?' It was quite a decent amend for his little joke.

The effect on the children was quite delectable. They fairly danced for joy. All over Auntie Betsy's place of interment. They really were nice children. They had played the game so sportingly. Auntie Betsy was to be congratulated.

"What are you going to do with the money?" Uncle Jim asked, when the dance had subsided.

The two answered in unison.

"Why, of course, buy toys for the tinies' Christmas tree. Auntie Betsy's Christmas tree, it's called, and all the big girls give something, but we are only little girls and we don't have any money."

Mr. Bridlethorpe felt the notes in his wallet burning holes in it. But, no, he must not spoil the beautiful simplicity of it all. They were charming kiddies. Now they were off again, rushing in circles after one another round and round Auntie Betsy's grave. Why not? There was an aliveness about Auntie Betsy which forbade any lugubrious associations with her dust.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," sings the poet, but Auntie Betsy appeared to be alive in another way. They would probably be using a little of her dust some day to cure the youngest orphan of the croup, but Auntie Betsy herself had no more to do with dust than the child who was standing before him, on one leg, preparatory to another dance.

He questioned her: "Did you notice a young man walking away from here as you came along?" he asked. It was preposterous! But he was wondering which turn the distant figure had taken. It was just possible—but what if it was. The boy was dead. He—James Bridlethorpe—never went back from his word.

"Yes, we saw him. He was sitting on a gravestone with his head in his hands."

They were off, like a pair of hares. Wild, impetuous young things. They must have caught sight of some person in charge of them.

Mr. Bridlethorpe lingered on. This orphan business had brought back the past. He was thinking of little Teddy whom he had borne home to his wife from a house of double mourning. Poor Teddy. He had been a dreamer. But like all dreamers he had been selfish and callous of the feelings of others. He had insisted on putting his dream into action. They were so confoundingly practical, these Catholics!

Mr. Bridlethorpe still lingered. Like Gray and Emerson, he seemed to be finding food for thought. It was not poetry, but ran on logical lines that might have satisfied St. Thomas Aquinas. Nevertheless, there was a queer, uncanny feeling about the place which was pure fancy—fantasy! He seemed to feel as though invisible beings were encircling him round; sprinkling him with pure water, and entailing him in sweet odors. Daring him to remain dead. Pooh! He was feeling the want of his morning coffee. He had been dragged out into the nipping air of a December morning by that poisonous funeral business!

"Uncle Jim!"

He turned round, quickly. The boy was standing there. The other was looking as astounded as himself.

"The children told me that there was someone wanting to speak to me here. I thought it would be an old man whom I met here a little while ago."

"You didn't think it would be me," Uncle Jim replied. "I don't blame you for looking astonished. I've been attending a funeral at the other end of the cemetery. I suppose you came to ask a favor of Auntie Betsy?"

THE other's slightly dazed look increased. He was rather knocked off his feet, but he had wits enough left to take the bull by the horns.

"Yes, I asked her a favor," he said. "I asked her to get me into touch with you. I just wanted to tell you that . . . that I'm not really such a brute as I seemed, Uncle. I was more of a brute than I need have been, but I couldn't—I can't explain. But—it's just this! You are not dead to me, Uncle, although I know that I am dead to you. I know that you never go back on your word."

He had got it said. No matter if his uncle thought him a superstitious fool. He would not think him—the other thing.

Uncle Jim was looking very grave. "You are quite right," he said, slowly, "I never go back on my word."

He paused, and regarded his nephew, very much as he had regarded the two litigants a short time before.

"But the point is, I am not per-

fectly sure that the dead are dead. Mind, I say, not *perfectly* dead—so you *may* be alive, too. At any rate, come and have some breakfast and we will soon find out. Yes, I thought it would be breakfast. Dead men don't eat and drink, eh?"

THE well-remembered smile came over Uncle Jim's face and they were clasping hands at the foot of Auntie Betsy's grave. And I think

you will be inclined to agree that it almost did seem as though Auntie Betsy had seen to it.

At any rate, when Ted Bridlethorpe sent along the arrears of his rent, plus a little offering, to good Mrs. Brown, he was able to make good his word and tell her that he had been set on his feet by the kindness of an uncle—and an aunt. And I am told that it was Uncle Jim who made him add the latter.

Clem Lewis' Reparation

IT WAS A SIN OF THOUGHT BUT—

By CHARLES F. FERGUSON

THERE was no moon, but for all that every feature of the landscape was visible. The line of cut-banks descending to the frozen river, the sharp edge of the mountains beyond and the bluff which marked the point where the Yukon took a turn stood out clearly under a sky blazing with a thousand points of light. But the man who stumbled through the snow, tripping occasionally over fallen timber, saw nothing of the beauty of the night. His muttered curses showed that his mind was otherwise engaged. "The dirty son of a gun," he growled, "he cairn't boil water without burning it."

From the opening he had now reached the light of the shanty in which he and his partner were wintering should have been seen, but no welcoming glow shone out, and this was made the occasion for fresh imprecations.

"I'll bet he's snoring in his bunk," he exclaimed. The picture he had been conjuring up of a warm, well-lit shack and a hot supper on the table faded from his mind. That partner of his was sure the limit, he assured himself. It was his fault they missed the last boat down to Dawson and were obliged to winter in that God-forsaken place. To be marooned like this after a successful season, with enough gold-dust to buy every comfort they required, not to speak of luxuries—that was the infuriating thing. Why had he ever taken such a boob into partnership?

The truth was they were beginning to get on one another's nerves. After

four months of close companionship unrelieved by any form of distraction and under the conditions imposed by a severe Klondyke winter, irritability had sometimes risen to the point where brain-storms occur and ugly things happen. Clem Lewis had a streak of fiery Welsh blood in him and when his less experienced companion made one of his mistakes, such as filling up the saucepan of boiling beans with cold water, his temper got the better of him. At such times he scarcely knew what he did.

Jim Darlow, a young Eastern farmer who had come North to try his luck, had found that having a good wife to do all one's cooking and mending is not an unmixed blessing. It leaves a man, in such circumstances as those in which he now found himself, ignorant of many things most essential. Clem's outbursts, when this ignorance betrayed his bad training in housewifery, accentuated the longing he was beginning to feel for his own home. The older man moreover had habits which grated on one accustomed to a woman's cleanly ways, and Jim became less and less careful, as the winter wore on, to conceal his feelings in this respect.

There had been a row the night previous to that on which we have seen Clem wending his way back to the shack. A mere trifle had kindled to a blaze. They had come nearer to blows then than on any previous

occasion. In fact there had been a sort of tussle. Clem had flung himself out of the place, murder in his heart, but with no very clear idea of what he was going to do, a blind impulse to get away from the man who roused the devil in him driving him further and further into the bush. Now he was coming back, the smouldering ashes of his hate blown into a flame by the signs of unpreparedness.

He opened the door of the log-hut and walked in. As he had foretold, the place was in darkness and the fire in the stove had gone out. Stumbling forward, he called to his partner, but there was no reply. He called again, adding words of lurid imprecation. Groping his way, he struck his head against a low rafter. The blow was a sharp one and, for a moment, made him dizzy, and this, added to the fury of his temper, rendered him for the moment incapable of self-control.

"I'll wake him," he screamed. "I'll do for him."

He made a rush for the bunk where Jim slept and stumbled over something on the floor. When he rose he was calmer. Trembling fingers lit a match which revealed a sight that made his mind reel.

Murder!

THERE lay Jim, congealed blood on his face, a terrible gash in his skull, his body, as Clem's hands had grabbed it in his fall, horribly stiff.

The match went out, but the scared man lit another. Then he looked

around the room and saw confusion on every side. The lamp had been knocked over but, fortunately, not broken. He lit it and by its light made a closer examination of the prostrate figure. Death in that lonely place, death disfiguring the face of one who had been his daily companion, death striking at one in the prime of life presented features the horror-stricken prospector, in all his experience, had never seen before.

CURIOUSLY, he thought more of the woman on that far-off farm, whom this had widowed, than of the dead man. Jim had once shown his partner her photograph, and the dark-haired, pretty face there pictured now came vividly to mind. What would she say, what would she do? The question banished even the problem as to how the thing had happened.

There was no possibility of burying the body. All that could be done was to drag it as it was out into the bush to await the thaw that would make the digging of a grave practicable. When that had been done, the solitary survivor returned to his hut to spend the remainder of the winter as he might.

But the silence that now hemmed in his life was more terrible than Jim's proximity had ever been. When the wind rose or snow fell, his thoughts turned to that white face gazing up at the stars. A wolf's howl would make him run from the hut to see that no prowling beasts disturbed the body. And all the while, a horrible suspicion was growing in his mind.

His memory was confused as to what had happened previous to his flight from the shanty after their quarrel. That he had felt like murder, he knew. Had he actually struck Jim? The more he thought about the matter, the less certain he became.

The longing for the dead man's company induced by the monotony of his existence enabled Clem to see his late partner in a more favorable light. Jim's youthful enthusiasm came back to him. He remembered in what dreams of domestic bliss he had indulged as their pile grew. How was it that their genial comradeship had been transformed into such a bitter feud? Conscience gave him no rest on this point. And the habit of self-accusation, growing in that mental vacuum in which the survivor lived,

became a gnawing torture. Yet there was a certain pleasure in this self-incrimination. The enmity which had turned on the dead man now turned on himself. The thought that it had been he who had struck the fatal blow gave him a weapon against this now hated self, and became a fixed idea.

It is possible that, if spring had not come when it did, he might have gone mad. Remorselessly he told himself that he was now a murderer.

A murderer!

A wild life had not so far dulled conscience as to make him insensible to the awfulness of the charge, and the word reechoed in his heart like the tolling of a bell, sounding through cavernous depths of doom. Amid kindred society he might have thrown off the burden, but here he was left entirely to his own merciless thoughts. Listening to the howling of the pines in the blizzards of that remote northern wilderness, a hidden strain of religious awe emerged. He even prayed.

By the time that the ice in the river was cracking and the snow becoming soft in the woods, his purpose had grown clear. With the first boat he slipped down to the coast and then took train to the State from which the dead man had come. It was not difficult to locate the homestead where the widow was to be found. She must at least receive her husband's portion of their common fund.

He found that the photograph was by no means flattering. A quiet-spoken woman who, when she found the stranger at her door, asked him in. The fact, which he was quick to divulge, that he came from the far north and had met her husband brought an eager look to her eyes which tortured his heart.

Then he broke the news that the man she loved was dead—"found lying unconscious in his shanty with no explanation of how he came to be so."

He imparted the information as tactfully as his inexperience in such matters permitted, but it was startling to see the change which it wrought in her. A few minutes before, Isobel Darlow had been the embodiment of bright hopefulness. Now she had suddenly become fragile, a wreck of happy wifehood. The youth who had accompanied her to the door, hearing her sobs and seeing her tears, cried too. They

formed a picture of helplessness that made irresistible the idea which had already suggested itself to the visitor. It was in accordance with that idea he stayed on, helping where he could, lending a man's hand to the management of the small place, assisting her in putting her affairs in order, "keeping things going" as he put it, till she should decide what to do. This mysterious friend of her husband's who, with such a grave seriousness, made himself her servant in the hour of her need would take no payment. Jim, he said, had been a good friend to him, and as he didn't hev any peticular call to work for himself he'd count it a favor to be allowed to put in his time making things easier for Jim's widow.

And the weeks he was doing this ran into months. The little place flourished. From merely being kept, with the help of her small son and a chore-boy, in a running condition till its master should return, it began to yield increasing profits. The voluntary manager was putting his whole strength into the business. The thought of selling out became more remote to Mrs. Darlow. There seemed no reason to interrupt a manner of life that was proving a sufficient solution of her practical difficulties. It was true that at times Clem, as she had learned to call him, was rough. It was also true that there were occasional outbursts of temper which he had difficulty in controlling. Now and again she found his eyes resting on her with a look she could not understand. Indeed his whole attitude to her was a puzzle. One might have thought he owed her some big debt which he was trying to work off! But in spite of these drawbacks and perplexing elements in the situation, the arrangement worked well for all concerned.

Clem, as one might expect of one who had spent years in the unpeopled wilderness of the north, was taciturn and said nothing about himself. Silently he went to and fro about his, or rather her, business. And in the evenings he would smoke his pipe, merely contenting himself with some brief ejaculation or reply to a question between the puffs. A strange man but a useful one!

THE months thus spent lengthened into a year and the year became two years. Jimmy junior was now growing into a sturdy youth, recalling, painfully for his

adult companion, that father who lay amid the snows of the distant Klon-dyke.

ISOBEL trusted her manager utterly. Not merely in business matters where his judgment had proved itself wise, but in other more intimate ways, too. One would have said that he was the soul of chivalry, that a sort of dog-like devotion bound him to her. If confirmation of his disinterestedness were needed, she had only to think of the time when she was ill and this uncouth, weather-beaten wayfarer waited upon her like a woman till she was strong again. She wondered sometimes whether the winds of the Yukon country had the same effect on human nature as upon the pines, sending its roots deep down into the soil and making it supple and strong.

How strange a gap that was which Clem left behind him when, on one occasion, he drove into the neighboring town and a blizzard sprang up and continued for a whole week, blocking the trail with drifted snow so that he could not get back! One might have thought so silent a man would not have been missed, especially as the chore-boy was able to take on most of his outside work. She discovered however that his silence had been full of implicit meanings. An inarticulate devotion had made it eloquent. Life seemed strangely empty now that he was away.

But sometimes the case was reversed, and it was the woman who absented herself from the homestead. Mrs. Darlow was a Catholic, and at certain times she and her son would drive into the town for Confession and Holy Communion. The manager, left to himself, was not unaware of the forlorn appearance the farm at such times wore. His footsteps echoed dismally in the deserted house.

He had come to see that this fragile-looking little woman with her gentle ways and indomitable courage was different in some essential respect from the women he had known. There was—though he could not define it—a spiritual aroma about her which, by its very presence, banished evil thoughts. It was, he knew, having its effect on himself. That and the experiences through which he had passed were leading his mind in unaccustomed directions. It especially mystified him to observe the happi-

ness with which she returned from those excursions into the town. He even spoke to her about it once. "Seems to do you a hull lot of good, Mrs. Darlow, this church-going of yours."

She smiled. "Confession is good for the soul," she quoted.

"Confession?"

She explained.

"And you get Absolution for all your sins?" he asked. "All of them?"

"Sure."

"Even if you'd—" he paused, a slight flush appearing under the sun-tan of his face, "if you'd committed murder"? The idea of her committing murder made them both smile. "Yes, even if I'd committed murder—providing I was truly penitent."

"And your Church reckons it has the power to do that?"

"Of course," was the reply. "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them."

The words floated to him out of some distant past. "Who said that?" he asked.

"Our Lord," was the brief answer. "He gave that power to His Church."

"You ain't bluffing?"

"You can read the words for yourself," she said.

He picked up the bucket with which he was going out to milk and walked from the room. His customary silence had descended upon him once more.

Not all the reparation he had endeavored to make had lightened his conscience of its burden, or given him the peace he sought. The secret still gnawed at him, and the more she came to mean to him, the more did he feel it. But this idea of an Absolution given by Heaven itself—why, if he dared dream of such a thing, it would mean Paradise. The very thought of it made his heart lighter than it had been for years. He turned the matter over in his mind.

"I reckon I've been going the wrong way about it," he told himself. "I've been trying to get right with *her*. 'Tis the wrong I've done *her* that's been troubling me. Maybe, that ain't the way to look at it. Maybe, it's the Almighty I've got to get right with."

He was crossing the yard to the stable at the time, and, as he did so, his eyes caught the blaze of a fiery sunset after a stormy day. He stopped and looked at it. He was not a sentimentalist and knew little of aesthetic emotions, but something in

this gorgeous pageantry of the sky closing in a cloudy day struck his imagination. His mind wandered back over the past years, dark with cares and sins, heavy with the threatening doom that hangs over the guilty. As he saw the western horizon bathed in the purple mist, something within him leapt up.

"Maybe," he murmured. And then, "God forgive me!" The dusk of the evening prairie gathered about him, and in it was the promise of a Great Peace.

It would have been strange if so attractive a woman as Isobel Darlow had remained a widow of necessity. As a matter of fact, more than one had approached her with a view to matrimony, but they never got very far. Otto Nelson seemed to be an exception. A neighboring farmer, he was more widely read than most of his class and enjoyed discussing matters with one who could differ from him intelligently and good humoredly. It did not need great ingenuity to invent excuses for his increasingly frequent visits. Clem came in upon them one day animatedly discussing some matter, and reached his own conclusions. For some while he had been growing conscious that his services would soon be less necessary. The boy Jim would be leaving school next term, and if, as seemed probable, Otto Nelson and the widow married, he would be better out of the way. He had seen her through the worst of her troubles. It would be a good match, he ruminated, and she was more likely to give her suitor a favorable answer if she were without his managerial help. He broached the matter next morning.

"I reckon I've finished the job here," he said casually. "About time I hiked along."

She did not take his meaning at first. When he made it clearer she flushed.

"What," she said, "going to leave us? How shall we get on without you?" Dismay was in her eyes.

"Jimmy's getting a big feller now," Clem answered.

"But I need an older and wiser head."

THE manager said nothing, but he was thinking—thinking hard as he had ever done in his life. When he spoke, the words seemed to come from far away.

"You'll marry," he said. She shook her head.

"Otto Nelson, fer instance," he volunteered.

Isobel's eyes opened wide. It was more the tone of suppressed resignation than the actual words that disturbed her. It was now her turn to do some quick thinking.

"But why Otto Nelson?" she queried, "why not—"

But his mind failed to complete the broken sentence. Something in her face asked, "Will this dull man never see? Would he have me do all the explaining?" And then aloud she declared: "There is only one man in all the world I respect enough to marry. Unfortunately, he is too stupid to ask me."

IT WAS so bold that, when she had said it, she felt like running from the room. Clem was literally staggered.

"You mean—?" he gasped.

"Don't be silly, Clem," she interrupted him. "Of course I do."

Amazed, she saw that his head had dropped upon his breast and that he was shrinking back from her.

"It cairn't be," he said hoarsely. "You don't know."

For a moment the horrid suspicion flashed on her mind that he might be already married.

"What don't I know?" she asked.

"Say, you couldn't marry Jim's murderer."

The thing was out now, the secret that had been guarded and brooded over for years. The silence that followed his revelation was broken by his repeating hoarsely,

"You couldn't marry Jim's murderer."

He expected the heavens to fall or at least to find himself ignominiously dismissed for ever from her presence. Nothing of the kind happened. In her kindly eyes he saw only perplexity.

"Jim's murderer!" she said. "I don't know what you mean. The man who killed my husband confessed last week on his deathbed—it was in the paper. That's what Mr. Nelson came to show me. See!"

She picked up a weekly paper and pointed to a marked paragraph. Clem read:

"When on the point of death, an old prospector named Pete Rathbone, living on 23rd Street, confessed to having murdered a man in the Klondyke with whom he had taken shelter. Discovering that there was a quantity of gold on the premises, he at-

tacked his host with an axe and broke in his skull. He failed however to discover the gold. The murdered man has been identified with Jim Darlow who met his death under suspicious circumstances at the time mentioned by the dying man. The police, who have supposed that the victim's partner was the criminal but tried in vain to trace that individual, are now satisfied that Rathbone was the guilty party."

Clem spelt-out the paragraph slowly and handed the paper back.

"The police may be right," he said. "I won't say they're not. Rathbone could ha' done it. *But I meant to do it.* There was murder in my heart. I reckon a Court of Justice would acquit me, but I'm guilty before God."

He spoke in a low, hollow voice full of the horror inspired by his memory of that awful winter.

"So you see, after all, you would be marrying your husband's murderer."

He was not looking at her now; his eyes were on the ground. He did not see therefore that she had drawn nearer him until the closeness of her voice startled him.

"If you think yourself guilty before God," said that voice, "you know how that can be put right."

The remembrance of their talk on that subject flashed into his mind.

"But I'm not a Catholic," he said.

"You might become one," was the quiet reply. "I could ask Father O'Toole to come out to see you."

"The Church wouldn't mind what—what I've been?"

"The Church is like her Master—the Friend of sinners."

"Then I reckon it's my Church," he remarked. For the first time he raised his eyes to hers.

"God may forgive me," he said, "but how can you?"

"If God forgives you," Isobel whispered, "how can I still think you guilty? If He grants you absolution, I must do the same."

"You mean that, Isobel?" It was the first time he had used that name.

"My Dear!" she said. The words were spoken under her breath, but Clem did not fail to catch the implied reproach.

EVEN then, he hesitated. The thing seemed too good to be true. But it was only for a moment. Wondering at his own audacity, he took her in his arms and bent to the uplifted face.

"I reckon there'll be no hiking along the road for this child," he said a little later, "till death us do part."

The Sparrows

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

OF ALL the words of comforting
By Christ our Lord bestowed
On sons of men while yet with them
He graciously abode.

Are any that our Father's love
So wondrously recall,
As that which says, unknown to Him
Not one of these shall fall.

So small, so frail! the whirling leaves
By Autumn breezes sped,
Are scarce more from our ways removed,
Or to our thoughts more dead.

No color theirs to charm the eye,
No song to stay the feet,
Uncharted pilgrims of the air,
Whom few with pleasure greet.

And yet the Providence that guides
The planets and commands
The splendors of uncounted suns
Holds them within His hands.

The Sinless Sufferer

REFLECTIONS ON THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

ST. PAUL of the Cross spent his long life of eighty-one years in preaching to the world the Passion of Jesus Christ. So enamored was he of the Divine Crucified that he desired his work to continue to the end of the world. Accordingly he founded two Orders—one of men and one of women—to carry out this most ardent desire of his heart. The Passionist missionaries were to go forth from their solitude and preach the ignominies and the glories of the Cross while the Nuns in their cloister were to remain at the Feet of Jesus Crucified, asking through prayer and penance the unction of the Holy Spirit on the preaching of the priests. This alone is sufficient to show that St. Paul, although a great contemplative, was very practical in ordering the means to attain his great purpose. Likewise in directing the missionaries how to preach the Passion of Christ, his counsels were neither vague nor hesitating; they were eminently practical because they were the fruits of his own long experience. One of the most practical and far-reaching of his recommendations has to do with that great mystery of life—Suffering. It is the lot of every child of Adam and, therefore, the Saint urges his priests to “exhort the people to suffer something daily for Jesus Christ.” The remembrance of Christ’s Passion alone throws light on the dark mystery of human suffering and supplies powerful motives for bearing it patiently in a manner worthy of a follower of Christ.

Both human and Divine law speak of suffering as a punishment, and reason recognizes the justice of it when inflicted on the evil-doer. But where this is no guilt, punishment is looked upon as the rankest injustice. Of the four sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance, three are committed against innocent, helpless victims. It is from this conviction, so deeply rooted in the human heart, that there arises the strongest objection against suffering, an objection that grows at times into positive rebellion against God. A child but lately arrived in this world and cleansed in Holy Baptism from all sin must go through

life a cripple, or must be forever blind to the light of God’s beautiful world, or must dwell in that silence into which the harmonies of music and the voice of love can never penetrate. And reason demands to know *why*. Or another who has persevered in goodness for long and trying years may cry out from a bed of pain: “Why must I suffer—I who have done my best to serve God to avoid sin and to grow in love for Him?” These are the bitter cries frequently on the lips of rebellious sufferers and so deep a mystery is it that many have lost the Faith in an effort to solve it by human reason alone. Only in the Passion of Christ can we find an explanation that brings comfort. For there we read in letters of blood that suffering is not always punishment inflicted on the guilty. There we are brought face to face with the Divine Sufferer asking the same question so often on the lips of His brethren: “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” There we see Him, whatever the answer He received in His desolate soul, making the supreme act of filial trust: “Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.”

Of all the wonders recorded in the life of Jesus the most outstanding is His sinlessness. The innocence of His character, the absolute purity of His soul, is something beyond the grasp of our sin-clouded minds. We know that His Mother was immaculate—never did stain of sin or imperfection soil the purity of her spotless soul. She was even free from those impulses to evil which are the inheritance of fallen men. Her soul was a clear, shining mirror, never dimmed by even the reflection of evil.

It is difficult for us to understand all that is meant by the Immaculate Conception—the perfect sinlessness of Mary, for it is altogether outside our experience. What notion then can we form of the sinlessness of her Divine Son! Sin could and would have soiled the soul of the Mother had not God by a special privilege prevented it and preserved her im-

maculate from the very beginning. But Jesus Christ her Son could no more have been infected by the loathsome leprosy of sin than he could cease to exist. His holiness was one with that holiness which is represented as dazzling the most pure eyes of the sinless angels in heaven. At His Baptism and again on Tabor Heaven testified to His innocence, “for He received from God the Father honor and glory: this voice coming down to Him from the excellent glory: ‘This is My Beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased.’” (2 Peter 1-17). He lived ever in the serene consciousness of the complacent regard of His Father. On one occasion He stood before His very enemies and exclaimed: “Which of you shall convince Me of sin?” These men had spied on His every action; they tried to distort every word that He uttered; they used every device of hypocrisy and devilish cunning to detect a flaw in His moral character, but their efforts were vain. In the end they resorted to lies and false witnesses, but even here their testimony did not agree. Where shall we find such sinlessness, such perfect freedom from even the appearance of sin?

BUT it was this Sinless One who was condemned at this iniquitous trial to suffering and to death. Every torment that the fiendish ingenuity of His enemies could devise was inflicted on that Innocent Victim. We see the insults to which He was subjected, His pure Body ripped and torn by the merciless scourging, His Head encircled with an agonizing Crown of Thorns, His shoulders bent under the weight of the heavy Cross, His whole Body hanging in helpless agony on the gibbet of shame. Those nearest and dearest to Him, the Apostles, contributed to His sufferings by betraying Him, denying Him, and abandoning Him to His Fate. Even His Father, Who had spoken from Heaven in testimony of His innocence, crowned His sufferings of Body and His anguish of Heart by a desolation of soul that bears the mysterious, the terrible name—abandonment. Such, in brief, were

the sufferings and sorrows of the Innocent Jesus.

Remarkable then is the fact that every step He took into the bitter sea of His Passion was accompanied by a voice declaring His innocence. Judas steps forth—the man who of all others had the greatest interest in blackening our Lord's character, in order to give some appearance of justification for his base treachery. He dashes down the silver pieces as though they were burning coals and cries out: "I have sinned in betraying innocent blood." This is the man—the familiar—who lived in daily intimacy with Jesus, who would gladly have grasped at any small, mean excuse to justify his cowardly crime. In the course of the trial Pilate declared six times that, after a careful scrutiny of the accusations, he found no cause why the Prisoner should be held. And as he was sitting in the place of judgment, his wife sent to him saying: "Have thou nothing to do with that Just Man." Even the profligate Herod uttered no word to condemn Jesus, although "the chief priests and the scribes stood by earnestly accusing Him." (Luke 23.10). The poor thief on the Cross declared his belief in humble but positive words: "We indeed suffer justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this Man hath done no evil." And when all nature had given its testimony to the death of the sinless Savior, the centurion at the foot of the Cross struck his breast saying: "Indeed this was a Just Man—this was the Son of God!"

WHAT a difference this should make in our acceptance of suffering! Jesus Christ Who is so innocent suffers so much. Surely then the guilty have no cause of complaint. Jesus Himself declared this on His way to Calvary. When He met the holy women and saw their tears of pity and heard their exclamations of sympathy for Him, He said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me; but weep for yourselves and for your children. . . . For if in the green wood they do these things what shall be done in the dry?" If He who was sinless suffered so much, what must the guilty deserve! We may apply here an incident in His life. The Pharisees brought to Him a woman taken in adultery. The law required that she should be stoned to death. Our Savior, fixing on them His all-seeing eye, said: "Let him who is

without sin among you cast the first stone." Looking around, a moment later, He saw not an accuser in sight. So might the Sinless Savior look down from the Cross upon all who suffer and say: "Let him who is without sin among you make the first complaint."

But what of those whom we may call relatively sinless—of those, who, although they inherited the guilt of original sin, never committed actual sin, or of those who have lived in great innocence of life, far above the level of ordinary men? Why must they suffer? Let no other than the Prince of the Apostles answer the question. His words are often quoted but only in part, and, therefore, their full meaning is not grasped. But they are the words that deserve to be engraved on the walls of every sick-room and in every home in which sorrow has dwelt. They form an exhortation to servants to bear the rough, unmerited punishments inflicted on them by their pagan masters. "For this is thankworthy, if for conscience toward God, a man endure sorrows, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if *committing sin and being buffeted for it, you endure?* But if doing well you suffer patiently; this is thankworthy before God. For unto this are you called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps. Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth. Who, when He was reviled, did not revile: when He suffered, He threatened not; but de-

livered Himself to him that judged Him unjustly. Who His own self bore our sins in His body upon the tree: that we, being dead to sins, should live to justice: by whose stripes you were healed. For you were as sheep going astray; but you are now converted to the shepherd and bishop of your souls. (I Peter 2. 18:25.)

Here indeed is a sublime doctrine. The vocation of a Christian is a call to suffer with the innocent Christ, not only because of former sins but in order to become more like the Sinless Sufferer. Since He bore our sins in His Body upon the Tree, it seems only fair and just that we bear in our mortal flesh some share of His sufferings. Even the most innocent should not seek exemption, for they, like all the children of Adam, were as sheep going astray and would most certainly have perished but for the love of the Good Shepherd, Who by His Death turned them from the path of destruction into a place of pasture near the plentiful waters of refreshment. It appears from the Apostle's words that only the innocent are worthy of suffering with Him, Who was the Lamb unspotted and undefiled. They alone are worthy of the high vocation of being with Him innocent victims of expiation for the world's sins, and sinless saviors of the perishing souls of men. Well pondered, the words of St. Peter are capable of changing the anguished questioning of innocent sufferers into glad acceptance of a vocation that is thankworthy before God.

A Pledge

By LEONORA ARENT

TO PRAY each day for all the souls for whom your blood was shed,
I promise by the scarlet splashes on your tortured head.
To try to do my work for you in spirit brave and sweet,
I promise by the crimson wounds that pierced your patient feet.
To bear in prayer the ones who toil for you in mission lands,
I promise by the bloody gashes in your tired hands.
To seek the weak to bring them to your arms extended wide,
I promise by the reddened stream that trickled down your side.
To give for you and live for you if you will grace impart,
I promise by the load of woe that broke your Sacred Heart.

Pope and Maguire

THE STORY OF A RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY

By E. J. QUIGLEY

THE state of Ireland a hundred years ago was sad. Acute and widespread poverty, hunger, rags, hovels met the eyes of travellers at every turn in every town, village and roadside. The Irish knew the causes. Visitors and those who there sat in the seats of the mighty knew that all evils in Ireland and elsewhere came from one, and only one source, the Catholic Church.

Hence with an overpowering zeal the State-paid Protestant Church in Ireland, with its followers, judges, lord lieutenants, army officers, landlords, land agents, squires, government officials, and parsons, banded themselves together to cure permanently Ireland's woes, to extirpate the Catholic Faith, to convert to Protestantism of any shade all the Irish from Cork to Derry. It was rather a big programme, a big campaign, and had proved for centuries a failure disastrous.

New methods were adopted. The sword had failed, eviction had failed, well engineered poverty and crime had failed. An appeal to the souls of the poor misguided Papishes, a big campaign of Bible distribution, of blasphemy by well-trained bigot parsons, by tracts deriding the Mass, Confession, the Pope, Mary, the Mother of God. Every market and fair had its street preachers, with their select blasphemy, lies, filthy stories about convents. In Westmoreland Street, Dublin, in a window of a leading shop was a picture in two parts, a hideous Indian idol, and a mouse gnawing a Host, and beneath were the words, "Two Idols." People were pestered by insulting remarks on Catholic doctrine, with tracts galore, and were pained by the reports of the sermons, the speeches, the boastings of the thousands and thousands of converts flocking daily to the services in Protestant churches, renouncing Rome, embracing the Bible, reading it hourly and blessing God for the light of the Gospel denied them by the accursed Church of Rome, the harlot of the Seven Hills.

The Irish were and are an innocent, lamb-like, easily led race, ignorant too! They must prove an easy prey to the wolves in broadcloth, the parsons who raged and ranted at the priesthood, at Daniel O'Connell, at Maynooth. And the head wolf, the leading ranter, the star artist who travelled all over the land attending meetings of "the saved," the Biblical societies, the soupers, was the Rev. Richard Pope, M.A. One unlucky day in November, 1826, this dapper man, full of bigoted zeal and unholy hate, journeyed to a county which touches the Atlantic Ocean, Leitrim. And in its chief town, Carrick-on-Shannon, delivered his usual tirade against Popery to an admiring audience—small, for the town is in the most Catholic province, Connaught. In the town, selecting a schoolmaster, happened to be a parish priest, and he went to see and hear the prince of babbling bigots, Pope. On the great big Irish jaunting car on which he paid for a seat, Father Tom Maguire, P.P., remarked to a fellow traveller that he did not fear the parson, that his arguments were stupid, shallow, his lies were patent, and that his words could be refuted by him, a poor country priest, with a poor training, poor knowledge and no library.

His words reached the ears of the Rev. Richard Pope and that holy man—as holy men often do—lost his temper, lashed out in the Press in very ill-mannered letters and challenged Father Tom to meet him in a public discussion on the doctrines, morals and practices of his beastly Church, the accursed Church of Rome. After further letters the discussion was arranged.

Delight filled the hearts of the Irish laity. The ranters had said over and over again that the silence of the clergy showed their weakness, the hopeless futility of a defense, their ignorance, the cowardice fearing exposures of their absurd and lying doctrines by which they deluded the innocent, unreasoning, senseless,

lamb-like gulls, the mere Irish. The higher clergy were pained, knowing that such platform discussions plied in such a tense atmosphere, led to bitterness, fierce blows and bloody noses, and helped not the Catholic cause and never enlightened any Protestant or cured him of his bias. The junior clergy dreaded an ignominious defeat for the priest. "Who is this Father Tom Maguire?" they asked. They heard that from a hedge classical school in Co. Cavan he went to Maynooth for five years, and that in its schools he was respectable, with no preeminence in prize lists—the good ordinary man. How dare he meet a star artist, a Trinity College prize man, a practised debater, a seasoned orator before select audiences of old maidens, militia colonels, parsons, apostate priests, illiterate graduates of the Trinity College, Dublin, founded by Queen Elizabeth for the spreading of her religion amongst the naughty "Papishes" of Ireland. In Dublin, thinking men wished "God-speed Father Tom." The exposition of the Catholic doctrine was very, very badly needed to strengthen the faith of "Papishes," and the refutation of the foul libels and slanders on Catholics was far too long delayed.

RULES were drafted for the battle. They are too long to quote here in full. Two chairmen, one a Catholic and one a Protestant, were to preside at each session, commencing at eleven and ending at three o'clock daily. The discussion was to be limited to three points by each party. Mr. Pope's "points" were Infallibility, Purgatory, Transubstantiation. Mr. Maguire's—the Biblicals refused him the title of "Father"—were the divine right of private judgment, the justification of the Reformation, the Protestant churches do not possess unity. The speeches and replies to be limited to half an hour, and each point to occupy but one day at the outset. No new point to be touched upon by either party until the point under discussion is fully and finally closed.

Two door-keepers, one Protestant and one Catholic, to be appointed. Tickets for each session, five shillings. No indication to be admitted of approbation or disapprobation. No party of the auditory to interfere in any way whatever with the Rev. Gentlemen or with the subject-matter of the discussion. The parties not to exceed four speeches each during any one day, merely calling on the opposite party for proofs not to be considered as a speech.

THE gage of battle set, the audience of saints—all Protestant—and Papist sinners crowded into the big hall of the Dublin Institution to see and hear the gladiators fight, to turn down their thumbs towards the vanquished. Hatred, grim and solemn, showed on the faces of the saints, and certainty of the triumph of their Richard lighted their serious eyes. The Papists, seeing the scores of truncheoned guards, knew the hostility, the deep-rooted prejudices and bias against their religion, and sat anxious. Not all persons loved the coming fray and said so. Not all Catholic bishops and priests loved to have their outraged Faith vindicated and defended by this unknown mountaineer priest. A bad defense, a poor defense, no defense, defeat, disgrace. They prayed at their altars for peace and success, and on the hearths, the cabin floors of Ireland, ever faithful Ireland, prayed the broken-hearted millions for their stalwart Father Tom.

To the private entrance came the gladiators and their chairmen, Admiral Oliver for Mr. Pope and Daniel O'Connell for Father Maguire. O'Connell greeted Mr. Pope, whom he saw for the first time, but whose outpouring he knew well. Pope refused to reply. O'Connell was a judge of men; at once he saw that Mr. Pope carried a big supply of the first capital or deadly sin, known to us all from our Catechism—Pride. Turning to Father Tom and speaking Gaelic, he gave him the talisman of his own big success in legal tourneys. It won for the priest the great battle, the greatest word battle of the century, the Waterloo of poor Mr. Pope and his tribe. They had fought at Derry, Sligo, Ballinasloe, Carlow, and left these fields in dismay, but from Dublin they left a disgraced rabble.

Mr. Pope was not a trained disputant, nor was Father Tom. Mr. Pope could not take up a syllogism,

but was expert in his use of fallacies, irregular arguments. He had his mind well stored with the old objections, from the Calvinist and Tudor divines; he quoted Augustine, Chrysostom, Jerome. Trinity College prompted Pope, supplied and arranged his arguments. Father Maguire was aided by Maynooth professors in his arrangements, replies, quotations. He had one big advantage over Pope. Pope had spoken so often on scores of platforms in Ireland that his mentality, methods, pet arguments were known to everyone.

Pope was not a man of strong constitution, a tendency to asthma became, in the heat and stuffy hall of dispute, an attack of some acuteness. His wheeze did not improve his temper; and this was the hint given to Father Tom by Dan O'Connell, who knew men's strength and weakness so well. "Make him angry." Bad temper made the Rev. Richard Pope, the Protestant lion rampant, narrate a story of a mouse and the Eucharist. The mouse's tale was the undoing of the lion. Father Tom began in the in-fighting, of which he, an Irish peasant, was a master. Pope, the lion with the wheeze, wheezed, roared, lost his head, his temper, and his breath.

An eye-witness, Mr. R. L. Shiel, the eminent barrister, orator, friend of O'Connell, in a speech tells how the Pope-Maguire battle appeared to him, an educated listener:

"I confess that I look on the recent controversy which has agitated this city as likely to be injurious to the cause of genuine religion, for it has made its most sacred mysteries a subject of theological chit-chat. I do not mean to cast the least blame upon Mr. Maguire, who was dragged into the combat by his opponent; on the contrary, I think that Mr. Maguire acquitted himself in a manner which reflects the greatest credit upon him; and although hitherto unknown and wholly unpractised in public speaking, he entered the lists with the great prize-fighter in polemics without dismay, and deriving a genuine eloquence from the consciousness that he spoke the truth, evinced a decided superiority over his antagonist. He was never once betrayed into anger—while his opponent, by his contumelious charges, indicated the depth to which his pride had been wounded. . . ."

What a contrast did the poor priest, the logician of the mountains,

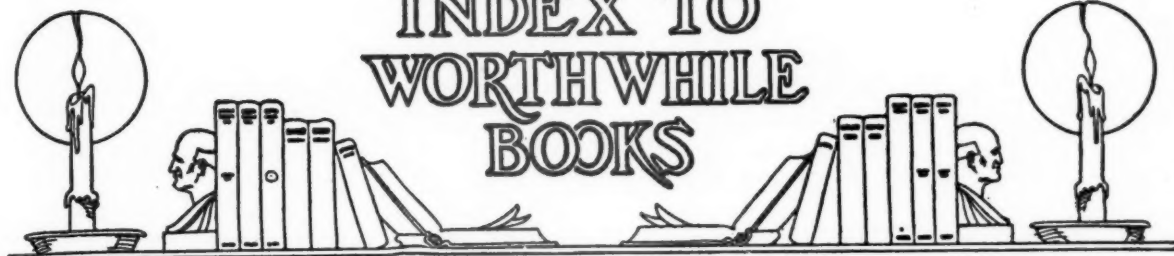
present to this modern apostle. With the flush of rural health upon his cheek—with the benevolent impression of honest good nature upon his face—with all the evidence of sincerity impressed upon him—he replied with mildness to the charges brought against his truth and honor, and exhibited the true spirit of a Christian by holding forth a tender of amity and begging that they should "part in peace." Before the final speeches Pope's following in the hall had grown smaller and smaller. Dr. Magee, the Protestant Archbishop, and his parsons fled from the stage when Father Maguire dealt with the established Church, its sons and salaries. The latter was a painful arrow. Mr. Shiel adds: "Mr. Pope ought to be tolerably well satisfied with his recent experiment that he cannot obtain any very considerable renown in engaging in controversial contentions with priests."

At the end of the six days' word battle, the warriors shook hands, and rested. Father Maguire became a hero, "a savior of the religion of his country." He was invited to preach in several places in Ireland, in Liverpool and in Glasgow. His presence drew crowds. Yet he remained a humble, simple mountain priest. He respected Mr. Pope, deemed him a gentleman, and praised him as a worthy and honored opponent.

THE Rev. Pope began by scorning Father Maguire; scorn grew to hatred, and hatred led to the persecution of Father Maguire, by base lies, slander, perjury, newspaper attacks and lawsuits on his character as a citizen and a priest. Father Maguire could never believe that Mr. Pope was behind the attacks, was the person who collected funds and arranged the agitation and the case.

Pope's fame declined after the Pope-Maguire effort. His defeat was acknowledged by "the saved." Father Maguire refused many offers to public battle. But when he entered the lists against Gregg, he was the skilled warrior, no longer bashful, timid, awkward in attack, but all too powerful in defence, rather merciless in his tactics with a weak foe. The Gregg controversy is in matter and form far superior to the Pope and Maguire. Few in Ireland today have heard of the Gregg battle, but hundreds of Catholic homes and thousands of Catholic hearts bless that hero of a long gone day—Father Tom Maguire.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

ONE LORD, ONE FAITH. By Vernon Johnson. New York. Longmans, Green and Co. Price —

Who is Father Vernon? Well, as a matter of fact he no longer calls himself Father Vernon; but until recently Father Vernon was a well-known Anglican preacher; he was a member of an Anglican Brotherhood; an indefatigable missionary giving missions and retreats all over England; and an advisor, much sought after by numberless "Anglo-Catholics." When he announced his decision to become a Catholic, the English press seized on the fact and Father Vernon was given prominence and head-lines in virtue of his providing for the time being an item of sensational interest. Eventually, on a day in September last, he was received into the Catholic Church at St. Dominic's Priory, London by the Dominican, Father Vincent McNabb.

Naturally this action of one who had preached and toiled so earnestly and unceasingly in the cause of "Anglo-Catholicism" has caused dismay among his former co-religionists who looked to him as one of their most trusted leaders. He has been deluged with letters from many of those who had come within the wide circle of his influence, expressing surprise and disappointment, cajoling, arguing—all asking for some explanation of his action which they are at a loss to understand.

By way of providing an explanation, once and for all, he has written a book, *One Lord, One Faith*—a further addition to the long and ever growing list of books of which Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* is the classic example. It is neither necessary nor desirable that every convert should write an *Apologia*; but clearly the circumstances of Father Vernon's former position as an Anglican and the wide range of his influence and activity demand that he should give some explanation of the change that has come about.

The book is written primarily for Anglicans, for all those especially who sincerely hung upon his words when he addressed them with his well-known fervid oratory from numberless Anglican pulpits. There can be no doubt that the

book will circulate freely among a huge non-Catholic public. The former Father Vernon has a ready-made audience which any zealous preacher or writer might well envy him. Anglicans who read the book chiefly because they are interested in the popular preacher will incidentally be brought face to face with sound, solid, uncompromising Catholic Truth, set forth clearly and made actual and alive by its relation with one whom they have known and loved; and probably many will be meeting the statement of this Truth for the first time.

To Catholic readers the author's line of argument will be familiar, simple and in a sense obvious. The marvel to the Catholic who has always been a Catholic in reading such an account is that here he finds a soul achieving through travail and anguish the truth which he himself has always serenely taken for granted. Another thing not always understood by the "born Catholic" is the forceful plausibility of the arguments put forward by the would-be convert's friends to induce him to remain where he is. Father Vernon's work, his preaching, his writing, all his active apostolate were, to all human seeming, bearing fruit; and his success was apparent in the crowds that flocked to the churches wherever he was billed to preach. Must he give up all this and cast aside all these people who in a sense depended upon him? Must he forego all these opportunities for doing good? These were the questionings that tortured him when he contemplated leaving the Church of England, which he knew, and entering the Catholic Church where he had perhaps a friend or two and was himself almost entirely unknown. Such considerations might well prove too much for the soul trembling on the brink of Conversion.

Vernon Johnson tells us he first met the Catholic Church as a living reality at Lisieux in 1925. Lest it should be thought that sentimentality might offer a clue to his conversion, it ought to be stated quite frankly that, when he first picked up a copy of St. Therese's Autobiography, he was not greatly impressed and he distrusted the book as sentimental and artificial and foreign and just "another Roman Catholic

scheme for exciting devotion amongst the public." Later on he was persuaded by the Reverend Mother of an Anglican convent to read the book; and, with an effort, he managed to overcome his repugnance sufficiently to be able to get through two chapters and then he found that "gradually the story gripped me, and it is quite impossible to describe my state of mind when at last, long after midnight, I laid down the book. All I can say is that it moved my whole being as no other piece of writing has ever done. . . Here was someone who had loved Our Lord to a degree beyond anything I had met before: a love as strong as that of the martyrs of old, and yet with the delicacy and tenderness of a little child, so delicate and tender that one almost fails to realize the furnace in which that love was so wonderfully refined."

Then came a visit to Lisieux where his first impression was one of great repulsion: "it was all so foreign, sentimental and artificial. I couldn't bear the paper flowers, the festoons of paper roses" . . . Yet he saw all that there was to be seen, the Relics and "Les Buissonnettes," the little home of the Saint's family. This visit to Lisieux produced no attraction towards the Catholic Church, nor any misgivings about his position in the Church of England nor did it give him any desire to become a Catholic. It only heartened and braced him to go on, firmly resolved to spend himself in furthering the Catholic cause within the Church of England.

A second visit to Lisieux a year or so later produced a different effect. "The scene was the same. Outwardly everything was just as before, and yet everything was different. The Saint had retired entirely into the background—and I found my whole mind focussed not on the Saint herself, but upon one all-absorbing point—'What was it that had made such a life possible? What was it that had produced Therese?'" Realizing that it was the Saint's Faith that alone explained her life, he began to ask himself what he meant by the word Faith. "To me the centre of Faith lay in myself. To her it lay in the Church. To me, according to the

theories I held then, her view of Faith seemed rather irrational, and yet, with Lisieux before me, I knew it was not so."

Self examination as to his definition of Faith led to his having to face the Authority of the Church teaching one Faith and demanding obedience from men. "I knew I could not be honest unless I faced this question. I shrank from it with all my being, for, if the Roman Catholic claim proved to be right, I knew that every step I took was bound to tear my whole life up by the roots, destroy my apparent usefulness, cause endless pain and dismay to many souls whom I loved more dearly than words could say, and lead me right out into loneliness and the fear of the unknown." . . . "The Saint of Lisieux pointed me to the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church sent me to Holy Scripture, and Holy Scripture sent me back to the Catholic Church." Thus Vernon Johnson sums up the long process of questioning and inquiry, of examining of our Lord's words and all the reasoning and praying which prepared him for the crowning gift of Faith.

This typically insular Englishman,—as he describes himself—who had never been abroad until 1925, who had all the dread and fear and suspicion of Rome inherited as part of the usual English education and tradition, who had had no contact of any sort with Catholic people or Catholic life, presents an interesting object lesson illustrating the pathetic fact of the great gulf of utter and complete ignorance which still at this time of day separates "Anglo-Catholics" from Catholics. It is sometimes thought that High Anglicans are so near to the Truth that for all intents and purposes they may be regarded as scarcely indistinguishable: a grain of dust would seem to be sufficient to weight the scale in the Catholic direction. Indeed the Evangelical protestant who looks on from outside is apt to regard "Anglo-Catholics" and Catholics as all much of a muchness. But all this is an illusion. Vernon Johnson reminds us that "people generally, and Catholics specially, do not seem to realize how utterly separated from one another Catholicism and Anglo-Catholicism are. So far as I was concerned, till 1925, they were an entirely separate world. Thus even after things became intellectually fairly clear, it was all something outside me. I was still bound in the bonds of prejudice and fear." This testimony of Vernon Johnson should be borne in mind by all who have at heart the return of our separated brethren to the one Fold. What means can be employed to break down this wall of ignorance which separates Anglicans from us? For many of them the Catholic Church, as we know it and as it is, simply does not exist.

And do Catholics always understand their separated brethren with real charity and sympathy? Do they, unless they have gone through the experience themselves, understand what conversion means? "To the soul outside, groping towards the light, it is just leaving home and countless dearly loved scenes and faces and deliberately stepping into exile: it is an act of naked faith: it is only later on that that soul can possibly realize that the apparent place of exile is its home." Truly a man does not step out of his familiar home into the dark unknown from any emotional or sentimental considerations. Human feeling and every natural emotion would tend to keep him where he was. Men are not truly converted by sudden gusts of feeling; but the way to the Truth is along "a path of very great suffering, taken almost entirely in the dark, only illumined by the certainty which comes by faith." It is not a human thing, not the accumulation of evidence that arrives at certainty at last; but something greater than the mind, greater than man: it is the gift of God.

MANY MANSIONS SERIES. Edited by Algar Thorold. **THE BENEDICTINES.** By Dom David Knowles, O.S.B. **THE JESUITS.** By Alban Goodier, S.J. New York, The Macmillan Co. Each, price: \$0.80.

The prime and simple monastic principle which underlies all monastic enterprises from the Thebaid, through the historic European settlements, to the more recent American establishments, is the bare fact that solitude must be requisitioned to prevent distraction when one wants to get the most of an important business done in a limited time. There have been chronicled instances of great minds displaying impossible feats of versatility, doing half a dozen jobs at the same time and doing them well; but no one can think that all of the jobs were done quite as well as if each, for the same space of time, were made the undivided centre upon which the powers of the mind were focussed. One can dictate to three or four stenographers at once; but, as the journalist knows, it involves the sacrifice of one's best.

The monks were men deeply interested in meditation of the mysteries of faith, the benefits of prayer and the self-control necessary for salvation or something higher. Their choice of solitude was as natural a move for them as is the choice of a quiet room and a cozy chair for a person who wants to enjoy so light a thing as a romance. Quiet and solitude promote mental concentration. So they lived in the desert.

But being men they had to take along with them a querulous and cumbersome body. Being men they discovered that that temperamental companion was not content to allow the mind passively to enjoy spiritual meditation. True to the

portrait which St. Paul drew of it, it had a way of its own which did not happen to be amicable to the better aspirations of the monk. So to the first monastic principles—solitude for prayer's sake—there was added another asceticism to govern the body. The asceticism consisted of labor and abstinence, work in the hot sun, a sparing and belated meal, sleep never quite to satisfaction. They were altogether contrary to the perverse ways of the body, but they were as logical as the exercises of a football squad at running, tackling, coordination and endurance, or those of the violinist or typist who all train strenuously to conquer obstacles.

The specifically Benedictine contribution to monasticism lay in the correction of the imperfections of the monastic system by stabilizing it and legislating wisely enough to secure the harmonious possession of essentials and to allow room for infinite adaptability. A Benedictine today can be as faithful to his rule as St. Benedict was and yet in details lead an altogether different life—not different, however, from the life St. Benedict would lead if he were reincarnated in the twentieth century.

Dom Knowles tells us all about it, in so far as the limits of space will allow in this work. He writes with true Benedictine vision, a heritage from his brethren who have been weighing the world for fifteen centuries. He cuts his thoughts from the quarries of conception in heroic tiles and fashions a mosaic of Benedictinism as towering as his subject has been influential.

While the Benedictine's professional purpose in life is to secure his own salvation, and any particular active service he may have done mankind is to be considered merely an incident, the Jesuit's official "Apologia" to the world is to obtain his own salvation by actively conveying the graces of salvation to his fellow man. There are no better types of those two distinct schools of religion, the contemplative and the active, than the Benedictine and Jesuit, respectively. Not that these two methods naturally exclude each other. The Jesuit to be representative of the spirit of his society, must have in his heart a strong tincture of Benedictinism; and the Benedictine, though higher counsels may prohibit the actual execution of specific apostolic aspirations, must, nevertheless, be so much a Jesuit as to have them.

Archbishop Goodier calls our attention to this fact without using this terminology. The books supplement each other, describe two opposite but justified interpretations of Christian spirituality, transgress informatively on the ground between, and afford a summarized yet ample source of education for those who desire acquaintance with the broad, basic principles of Christian asceticism as practiced in Religious Orders.



The Martyrdom of the Three Passionists

HOW LIKE THE MARTYRDOM OF JESUS

By MARIE V. JOYCE

WE SHUDDER when we contemplate the various scenes in Christ's Passion. What cruelty, what barbarism, in such a manner of death! It is so horrible in its excruciating tortures that we can scarcely imagine anything similar to it taking place at the present day. But pondering over the account of the death of the three Passionist Martyrs as given in the July, 1929, issue of *THE SIGN* we are astounded at the many details connected with their deaths which bear a striking similarity to the Passion of Christ.

Reading the gruesome story, one immediately contrasts that horrible scene on the hills of China with the sacred tragedy enacted on Golgotha's height twenty centuries ago. These three young priests, full of hope and of courage, and burning with a desire to win souls for Christ, were setting out for their missions after making their yearly retreat, when they were cut down by bandits. It is noteworthy that they were on a mission of charity, they were going to take the place of other priests who were about to make their yearly retreat.

Like all travellers in that part of China, the priests were accompanied by their boys and carriers. The priests were on mules while one who was ill traveled in a chair. One wonders in the light of later events if there is not a striking similarity in this scene to that of Christ as He entered Jerusalem. True, there was

no triumphal entry into an earthly Jerusalem, but we like to feel that their entry was into the Heavenly Jerusalem.

After a long journey over rugged mountains they arrived at Hua Chiao village in Chenki Hsien. It was four p.m. They prepared to seek lodging for the night. In this they were successful and from outward appearances judged that they were among friends. Christ, their Master, on the

eve of His Passion sent His disciples to the home of a friend to prepare the Passover. "And when it was evening, He sat down with His twelve disciples." He was among friends, His own chosen friends, but one betrayed Him. A remarkable coincidence in connection with the death of the young Passionists is that Christ's Passion and Death took place in the Spring. They were martyred in Springtime and near to the feast of that great apostle of the Passion, St. Paul of the Cross.

After the priests had entered the

Editor's Note

Twelve months have rolled around since the grim tragedy occurred, which robbed three of God's servants of life. Another Passionist missionary also died a year ago. April is now a month of memories—memories which can never be erased from the minds of the missionaries. April witnessed the death of all the Passionists who have died in China. Fathers Godfrey, Clement, and Walter were killed. Father Constantine died of typhoid fever. Father Edmund succumbed to heart failure. The latter died on April 13, 1925.

Well may Miss Joyce, in the accompanying article, see in this number the five Bleeding Wounds of Christ. What could be more fitting for a Passionist, whose life is consecrated to the spread of devotion to Christ and Him Crucified, than that he might be found worthy of imitating the Saviour in His Sufferings and Death? What could be more prophetic than that these Five Heroes of Christ, three of whom were the first Americans to shed their blood for Christ in China, should be called to Himself in the month of the year in which occurs, not only Good Friday, but likewise Easter Sunday?

We cannot hope to progress in the great work of spreading the Kingdom of Christ in China except by the Way of the Cross. The cross must be carried over rough roads and smooth. But by the Cross we shall conquer. "In hoc signo vinces"!



FATHER GODFREY HOLBEIN, C. P.,
KILLED BY BANDITS, APRIL 24, 1929.

inn apparently all went well. But later in the night the cry of the inn-keeper's wife, "bandits are coming!" aroused their suspicions. Yet they were unable to leave the place. Later two shots rang into the night. The priests then realized that they were in danger. After events showed that these shots were a signal to the bandits. Mrs. Nieh, the inn-keeper's wife, left the inn and went out into the darkness. This action followed a threat by the priests that if any harm should come to them in her house she and all her family would suffer, as well as all the other people in the village. What a striking similarity to the action of Judas on the first Holy Thursday! Christ was at the Last Supper with His apostles. He knew that one was about to betray Him; He warned the one and said: "Woe to that one by whom the Son of Man is betrayed!" Yet Judas followed his sinful purpose. The priests warned Mrs. Nieh, but she continued her part in the plot regarding their lives. Judas after perpetrating his crime committed suicide; Mrs. Nieh was beheaded in Chenki for her part in the way-laying and killing of the three Fathers.

In this scene one sees another remarkable detail. Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. Immediately Roman soldiers brandishing firebrands came and claimed the Innocent Victim. Two shots rang out into the darkness of the night; these were the signal for the betrayal of the young priests. Bandits were to in-

tercept them as they set out on their journey.

When the priests realized their danger they begged the inn keeper or his wife to go to the Home Guard of Hwa Chiao. After much pleading the inn keeper and the boy who carried the priests' visiting cards went, but the chief officer of the Home Guard refused to meet them. It was later learned that the real reason of this was that he feared to put himself in a difficult position with the bandits. How like Pontius Pilate when, fearing to oppose the will of the chief priests, he released Barabbas and delivered Jesus to be crucified.

Before retiring for the night the priests realized that they were trapped. History tells us that Christ spent the night before His death going from one tribunal to another. The priests retired, but what mental anguish must they have endured when they knew not what to expect from the bandits. Surely their thoughts must have been on the Passion of their Master. No doubt, they realized that for them it was a Holy Thursday. One feels justified in thinking that perhaps at times their thoughts wandered to loved ones in distant America.

Early in the morning the priests set out in procession with their followers. They knew not that they were going to another Calvary. But how like the journey of Christ to Calvary that procession became for them. Bandits went before and bandits guarded the rear. Roman soldiers guarded the journey of Christ to Calvary. On and on they journeyed up the steep mountain side to what was to become a twentieth century Golgotha. True, they carried no cross on their shoulders but deep in their hearts they bore the cross of loneliness, sorrow, mental anguish, and the dreadful anticipation that perhaps Death, and they knew not what manner of Death, awaited them at the end of the journey.

No Simon of Cyrene helped them on that awful journey; no Veronica offered them a towel to wipe the drops of anxious perspiration from their brow. The boys, Peter and Cosmas, however, gave them all the consolations of a Simon and a Veronica. Peter, unlike his patron St. Peter, denied not his Master, but remained faithful to him through all the hours of trial and anguish. No thorn crown pierced the brow of the

young priests but along that rugged roadside they passed briars and thorn bushes. This, mayhap, served to recall that happy day in the distant past when, with thorn crowned head and cross upon their shoulders, they vowed their young lives to the service of Jesus Crucified. Perhaps it tended to strengthen their resignation to God's holy will as they climbed that steep mountain side.

Thirst is hard to endure at any time, but how much harder it is when one is parched after a long, tiresome journey. From early morning the Fathers had traveled over rough roads. This together with the long fast caused a burning thirst. Finally, the procession came to a refreshing spring of mountain water. The cruel bandits permitted the other members of the party to drink, yet refused to permit the Fathers to relieve their consuming thirst. "I thirst" was uttered from the parched lips of their dying Master on Golgotha's height. One of the stern Roman soldiers dipped a reed in vinegar and gall and offered it to the dying Christ; the inhuman Chinese refused a refreshing draught of water to those weary travellers, those young men who were now spending their Three Hours' Agony. They denied a drop of water to those courageous souls whose lives they were about to take.

"I thirst," had echoed and re-echoed in the hearts of these young priests. They would allay that thirst. They would offer their young, unfolding lives to win souls, but the



FATHER CLEMENT SEYBOLD, C. P.,
KILLED BY BANDITS, APRIL 24, 1929.

very souls for whom they willingly left home, parents, relatives, friends and loved country refuse them even a drink of water. What a pitiful scene! The Chinese refused them, but Christ saw their suffering. Perhaps one day their blood will be the refreshing spring that will allay the thirst of Jesus Crucified as He pleads for the souls of His children in that distant Oriental land.

Again they journey onward and again they travel up the hillside. The summit of that hill reached, another scene of the Sacred Passion is reenacted. The gentle request of the tired, weary priests that they be introduced to the chief officer is answered with the stern rough command of the bandit, "First, take off your clothes and then we will take you to our officer." Humiliation after humiliation! Jesus, too, was stripped of His garments as He stood on Calvary's height.

The honest reply of Father Walter, C.P., when they asked him if they had any money, was answered with a bandit's bullet. He had already ascended Calvary's height; he was stripped of his garments and now his crucifixion was at hand. What horror! The bullet entered the left side of the saintly priest's face and came out on the opposite side in the back of his head. His body fell in the tall grass. A young martyr had shed his blood for his Master. A moment passes. Another shot is fired and Father Clement, C.P., falls beneath the bandit's bullet. A gruesome scene to read of, but horrible for

Father Godfrey, C. P., who had to witness it. The latter with tear dimmed eyes raised his hand in absolution over the bodies of his fellow priests, and while in the very act of dispensing Christ's sacrament of Mercy fell to the ground pierced by two shots. As we visualize Father Godfrey, C.P., with hand raised in absolution over his dying companions and the bandit's bullet aimed at him, we feel permitted to imagine him uttering the words of the dying Christ, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" And as he fell wounded the faint echo "It is consummated," seems to come from his dying lips.

Three young martyrs in that land of paganism! No crown of thorns pierced the brow of this trinity of martyrs of the Passion, but the bandits' bullet became the sting of the sharp thorn which pierced them unto death. Three lilies of Christ's Passion had shed their blood for His love! Years before as young boys these martyrs had vowed their lives to the service of Christ Crucified and by vow had promised to promote devotion to His Sacred Passion. While they were still in the prime of manhood Jesus Crucified saw fit to accept their sacrifice and the scenes of His Sacred Passion were again enacted in their consecrated persons.

It is worthy of note that while climbing the mountain Father Godfrey, C.P., gave his boys general absolution and all along the road he said the Rosary. This shows his tender love for Mary his Mother. She met her Divine Son on His way to Calvary and now in her treasury of grace, the Rosary, she was guarding her devoted Passionist on the way to his Calvary. She was giving him, as it were, the grace he always longed for—the grace of martyrdom—and that in a manner similar to the Passion of her Son Jesus. Father Godfrey, C.P., had prayed for the grace of martyrdom.

When we read the account of this modern martyrdom and conjecture the hour of its occurrence, we are led to think that it took place near the hour of three, or at least between twelve and three. This is another detail similar to Christ's Passion. Again, we can easily visualize those martyred priests uttering the words of the dying Jesus, as they fell beneath the bandits' bullet: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." "Father, into Thy hands



FATHER CONSTANTINE LEECH, C. P.,
DIED APRIL 26, 1929.

I commend my spirit." And were it permitted to human imagination, we might vision Jesus Crucified welcoming them with the words: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

The brutal murder over, the bandits blew a bugle and retreated. But like the soldiers of old, they left one or two of their number to guard the bodies. The bandits also took the personal belongings of the martyrs. The soldiers cast lots for the garments of Christ.

No loving hands came to take those sacred bodies and place them in a sepulcher; they were cast, perhaps, with swords or pikes into an abandoned pit. This left wounds upon their bodies. After the death of Jesus the soldiers' lance wounded his sacred side.

These soldiers of Christ's Passion gave all for His love. Willingly, generously, they shed their blood for Him. May that blood become the seed of His Church in China. May the blood of these three martyrs together with that of the young Passionists who had died in China, Father Edmund, C.P., and Father Constantine, C.P., be the memorial of the Five Wounds of Jesus Crucified, which will impress upon the people of China His thirst for their souls. May it lead them to the foot of His Cross, there to learn the lesson of love and of sacrifices so well learned by those Passionist heroes. "For greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend."



FATHER WALTER COVEYOU, C. P.,
KILLED BY BANDITS, APRIL 24, 1929.

New Year in China

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

ALTHOUGH it is only the 30th of January for us Americans, it's New Year's Day for the Chinese. Their calendar and ours do not agree. New Year's for them is the grandest day of all the year. Practically every other day, Sundays included, is a working day. But not so New Year's day. No more work for two weeks to come! No wonder that they are happy. "Our Christmas, our Easter, and whatever national holidays we celebrate, all taken together mean less to us than the great festival of their calendar means to the hard-working Chinese."

To describe all the ceremonies, customs and superstitions that precede, accompany, and follow New Year's Day, would fill a fairly good-sized volume. I shall not attempt it. Let me write of but a few of those things that may prove interesting to the readers of *THE SIGN*. They are such things as I have learned by observation, from hearsay, and have found in books. Some of them—though very few, if any—may now no longer be in vogue. Since the "awakening" China is discarding some of its superstitions and ceremonies.

Preparations for New Year have been going on for several days. On the 20th of December (according to our calendar) there is "house-cleaning day." So at least once a year the Chinese house gets a sweeping and a dusting. And that is, or seems, to be about all! Of course, it's impos-

sible to mop dirt floors. And those who can afford to have a wooden floor to their house would consider it a waste of water (which must be bought at so much per bucket) to use the precious fluid for mopping floors. Surely, won't they be just as dirty in a day or two?

Four days later comes the feast of Tsao Wang—that is, the King or Prince of the Kitchen Stove. Tsao Wang has a little shrine all his own,

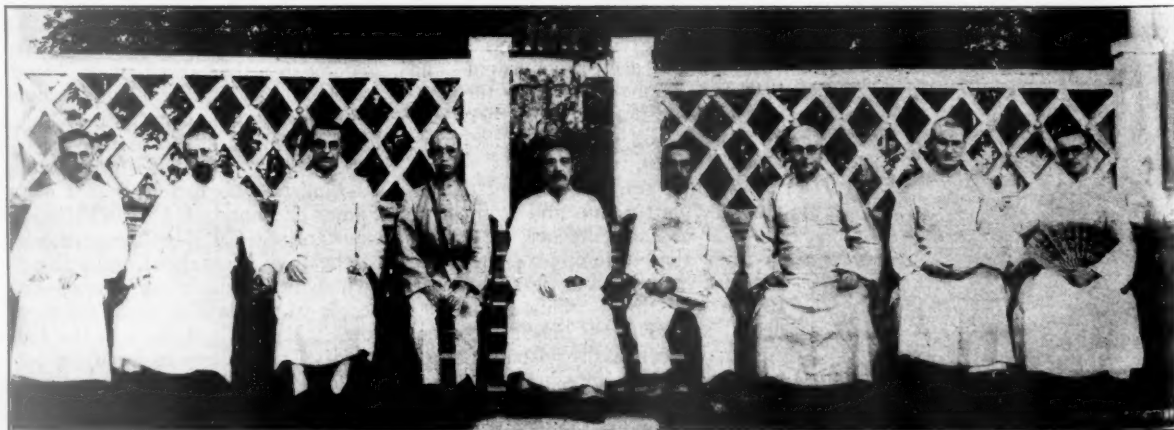
somewhere near the oven. His shrine, as one writer says, "is often full of cockroaches which the people call 'Tsao Wang's horses!'" Naturally, it is a crime, which the kitchen god would punish, to kill one of his "horses."

On the 24th of December, Tsao Wang is to take his departure for the other world, where he is to make a report of the family's virtues and scandals during the past year. Various kinds of "dainties" are offered to him. The lips of his picture are smeared with honey or sugar so that he may speak none but sweet words for the family. Or, to put him in hilarious mood, the picture is dipped in wine. Then it is burned and, as the smoke goes up, Tsao Wang departs for the spirit world. We'll meet him again on New Year's day.

Now is the time for all good men to do their New Year's shopping! For New Year's day in China is, like our Christmas, a time of gift exchanges. The streets are crowded, and the din of loud and vociferous bargaining (especially at the market place) is almost deafening. The people need not be told that they have "only six more days" to do their shopping. Not only must they buy presents for others, but they must also store up provisions for themselves; for, from New Year's Day on, the shops will be closed for several days. If anyone should be unfortunate enough to overlook some item, he may be able to buy it during the holiday season, but only at ex-



FATHER EDMUND CAMPBELL, C. P.,
DIED APRIL 13, 1925.



PICTURE TAKEN DURING VISIT OF GENERAL TIEN FENG TAN TO SHENCHOW JULY 13, 1929. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: FRs. CYPRIAN, AGATHO, WILLIAM; TAI TWAN CHAN, GEN. TIEN FENG TAN, CHEN TOU LAU; RT. REV. PREFECT, FRs. FRANCIS, AND CASPAR.



FATHERS, SISTERS AND CHRISTIANS IN THE GENERAL PROCESSION OF THE THREE MURDERED PASSIONISTS, AND FATHER CONSTANTINE OF SHENCHOW, MAY 4, 1929.

orbitant prices and at three or four times its normal value.

Gifts usually consist of useful things. The Chinese are certainly practical in the exchange of gifts. It is by no means a case, as Irvin Cobb says "of giving your wife the things she wants most and having her give you the things she wants next to most." Cloth—not ready-made clothes—shoes, fruit, and all sorts of food are the principal gifts.

When gifts are presented to one not of the household, they are carried to the recipient on a tray. This tray is laden with all sorts of good things. But it would be a terrible "loss of face" and the height of ill manners to accept them all. One chooses a few things, tips the bearer, and sends him back with a profuse voicing of one's utter unworthiness to be remembered so generously by so great a man as the sender of the presents. Of course the owner substitutes some gift for the one or two taken—very likely a gift he has himself just received, and the tray is sent to the next person to be remembered. One of our Fathers told me that he started a tray on its rounds one New Year with about twelve different items. When the day was over, many exchanges had been made, but there were still a dozen items on the tray.

Whilst the shoppers are busy buying their gifts, the shopkeepers are busy collecting accumulated debts. All debts must be settled before New Year's day. All day long you can see men hurrying from one house to

another, carrying a number of bills. Usually the debtor will do his very best to satisfy his creditors, for it certainly is a bad omen to start the New Year with a debt. And that is why more than one person will, at this time, sell some furniture or other things. The second-hand dealers are therefore very busy, and people with ready money may strike favorable bargains. The pastor here has more than once taken advantage of it.

There are many humorous events—and many pathetic ones too—connected with this collection of debts. If a merchant fears that a certain person will not pay him, that merchant is likely to station himself at the door of his debtor's house and inform all who care to listen (and who would not listen in curious China!) about the great amount, of course exaggerated, that the man in the house owes him. This procedure involves such a loss of face that the debtor will do all in his power to "square accounts." At times, though, the outcome may be a question as to whether the merchant's patience or the buyer's humility is first exhausted.

Last year, when I was in Shenchow, I noticed a rather poorly dressed man hurrying down the street. Close on his heels followed a man of better appearance. The latter held a bill in one hand, kept pointing at the former man with the other hand, and in the meanwhile shouted so that all could hear: "Pay your debts! Pay your debts!"

Sometimes, too, on New Year's morning and after sunrise, you may

see a merchant walking down the street with a lighted lantern in his hand. As some one wrote: "The light, by a polite fiction, indicates that it is still dark, therefore still yesterday, so that the debt may still be collected without violating the New Year, when money transactions are forbidden."

The house having been swept, the kitchen god appeased, provisions and presents bought, there remains but one thing more to do before the New Year ceremonies begin. That is the decoration of the house.

Over the entrance to the house are hung five pendants made of red paper. But if there has been a recent death in the family, the color of the paper is blue. Usually each pendant has a Chinese character or word in the center, and the five words generally used are:

Fu—Happiness,
Lu—Official income,
Shou—Old age,
Hsi—Good luck,
Ts'ai—Prosperity.

Other "luck" words and phrases are put in different places. There are also various phrases pertaining to one's particular business. The merchant may write "Great Prosperity" and the innkeeper's prayer will be that "guests may descend in clouds" during the coming year.

Besides these things, there are the "Devil Slayers",—mighty warriors they are—to be pasted on the doors. There is an interesting legend at-



THE OLDEST STYLE OF BRIDGE IN THE WORLD, BUT STILL NEW IN CHINA.

tached to these gods. It seems that nearly two thousand years ago the Chinese Emperor of that time fell sick and was haunted by unholy spirits. Two of his favorite warriors begged and received permission to watch at the gate of the Palace during his illness. When the Emperor was better he told the two brave men that they need no longer watch, for they also must sleep. He ordered their pictures to be painted on the gates of the Imperial Palace as a perpetual remembrance and that His Majesty of the Celestial Kingdom may never again be troubled by ghostly enemies. I would like to say that the King lived "happy ever after," but alas! the devils found an unguarded back door.

Now comes New Year's Eve! All the food for tomorrow must, if at all possible, be prepared today; and no more cooking than is necessary may be done tomorrow. Knife or hatchet must not be used on the first day of the year of the "serpent" (for such is this year called). The house is supposed to be filled with the spirit of luck and someone may accidentally cut it.

After all things are ready the door is sealed with slips of red paper on which "happy" phrases are written to prevent luck's escape. Under no circumstances must doors be opened—be it ever so little—for it would be an unlucky omen. No use of knocking at the door, even if it be the door of an inn, for such is their



CHILDREN ARE CHILDREN EVEN IN CHINA. TWO TOTS OF LUKI.



FATHER PAUL IN A CHINESE CANYON.

fear of losing luck and of permitting the entrance of roaming evil goblins, that no one will open. When shortly after midnight the head of the house breaks the seals and opens the doors, he takes good care to say something of a propitious nature, such as: "May happiness enter in"; "Let prosperity dwell in our house." And it is well that he says this for, according to their belief, "seventy-two evil spirits are waiting to enter the unguarded door."

Then follow some other religious rites to be gone through especially at this time. There are a series of "worships," each performed with profound bows and genuflections, with burning of red candles and incense and imitation money and, of course, the inevitable, indispensable firecrackers. First of all there is the "worship" of heaven and earth, followed by the "worship" of the various household gods and the family ancestors. Though Tsao Wang, our King of the Hearth, is but one of the household deities, he is deemed sufficiently important to have a "worship" all his own, and he is politely invited back to the shrine which he left on December 24. I wonder how many new members he will find in his cavalry! All the gods are offered food to put them in good humor and to satisfy their hunger after their round trip to heaven.

Early in the morning, lanterns in one hand, and a basket in the other, the heads of families or their representatives may be seen hastening to the various temples. There food and wine are set before the gods, there is more burning of imitation money, of incense and of joss sticks, and set-

ting off of firecrackers. Amidst profound bows and genuflections, touching the forehead to the ground, and clapping of hands, all gods and devils are appeased.

Much as we may laugh at these things, and much as we may pity the people who believe and practice these superstitions, there is one custom that may well be admired. There is no dutiful son in China, no matter how poor he may be, no matter how far from home he may be, who does not—if it be at all possible—strive to spend New Year's day under the family roof. The streets are deserted. Everyone, fortunate enough to have one, is with the family at home. And on New Year's day no evil word will be heard. Lest perhaps some child be forgetful or mischievous, his lips are rubbed with paper money. This is supposed to turn every evil word into good. Other parents follow the custom of hanging up a sign in their homes, which sign informs the gods that "Children's Words Do Not Count." Such words as "death, demon, elephant, snake," are all taboo.

For fifteen days there is feasting and jollification. Each day has its special feast and special ceremony. For example: The second day is the birthday of dogs, the third day that of hogs, the fourth day is the birthday of ducks, etc. Rice and wheat and vegetables have their birthdays too. The seventh day is the customary time for the hiring and firing of clerks in stores.

Numerous visits must be made, and numerous visitors entertained. Many of these visits are considered "official" and may not be neglected. Woe

betide the husband who did not, at the proper time, visit his honorable mother-in-law. When a Chinaman begins his round of visits, and leaves the house for the first time, it is all important that he pick a "lucky" place for his first footstep. Should he slip or fall, it would be an ill omen both for him and the one he intended to visit. Also very important is the first person he meets. If it is a

woman—bad luck; if it is a priest—worse luck; and if it is a FOREIGN priest, just plain tragedy I suppose.

What a pity that the joy of New Year should take such a bad turn. To millions and millions of Chinese the New Year season means little more than eating, drinking, sleeping, gambling and opium smoking. It's hard to describe all these evils. A missionary in China sees and hears

so much of it that it would be almost a shock not to find them. We, as Catholics, do not fear the "seventy-two evil spirits waiting at the unguarded door." But it is a hard struggle to loosen Satan's grasp of the flood gates of vice and superstition. We must rely on the generous people in the States who by their prayers and sacrifices help us to win the battle for Christ's Cause in China.

Marriage in China

AMERICA'S LATEST FAD—CHINA'S OLDEST TRADITION.

By EDWARD JOSEPH MCCARTHY, C.P.

THE sky's the limit for weddings in America. It seems quite the thing for some in high society to be married away up in the clouds on a flying altar. A marriage in China is just as risky, just as sensational, if not more so, but from another viewpoint.

Come out for a walk and I shall explain what I mean. Listen to that ungodly sound! It is becoming more unbearable as the musicians in zig-zag formation march towards us. Look! Those jumping-jacks are banging gongs and clashing cymbals. The old fellow is beating a drum, or is it a dishpan? The lad playing the Chinese flute is making that screeching noise. Tell me, did you ever see such an odd procession? Please don't ask me to read the painted silk banners the coolies are proudly displaying. All that I can make out is, that the gorgeous golden characters are some kind of mottoes for newly-weds. Sure enough, for "here comes the bride." Now don't get excited

or strain your eyes, for you cannot see her anyway. She is being carried up in a wedding sedan chair, which rests on the shoulders of four men—a magnificent affair with a red background, dull gold draperies, and green, blue and yellow embroidered flowers and images.

Let's be sports, put our hands over our ears, and follow the crowd. It is probably not more than a mile's hike to the home of the bridegroom: and what's a mile! (In China you would walk many a mile for a camel.) Take a glimpse at China's Broadway and skyscrapers as we follow the Big Parade. I wonder if this shabby lane has ever seen a street-cleaner! Those rows of small rude sheds, bamboo hovels, and grass and mud huts are considered by the natives to be very comfortable dwellings. You know that most of the inhabitants in the interior of China, like the birds of

the air, make their homes with any material they may pick up. If you want an appetizer, watch that little boy over there devour the piece of twisted bread dipped in boiling fat, which he just bought for a copper. If you want to lose an appetite I will buy you a piece.

Now keep an eye on the procession for we do not want to overlook the important event. The leader of the band has turned into the alley on the right, and the others in true soldier fashion are following. They are slowing up a bit. Well, if that shanty isn't the home of the bridegroom where the festivities are to be celebrated! The little Miss is being escorted from the bridal chair as firecrackers galore burst in the air, and ragged human beings from everywhere in the neighborhood push and jostle each other to get a look at her.

She is a little nervous (naturally—most brides are), as she waddles along as fast as her "lily" feet permit. Shall I say she is stunning?



GERMAN MISSIONARIES OF THE SACRED HEART BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO WANGTSUN ENROUTE TO PAOTSING.

A CHINESE BARGE STRANDED ON TUNG TING LAKE. THE GERMAN FATHERS' BAGGAGE IN THE FOREGROUND.

She thinks so, but take a look for yourself. If you like A. & P. red with a dash of gold you'll say she is charming. Her tiny red, beautifully embroidered slippers and her long red silk dress with its rich gold braid trimming, the cuffs of the wide flowing sleeves and the edge of the high choking collar are very attractive, aren't they? If we could see her features we could tell whether or not this gaudy costume is becoming, but her face and head are covered with the traditional red silk veil. She must be a rich girl did I hear you say? Don't you believe it; she is only a farmer's daughter. Well, where did she get those expensive clothes? Just like the American college sheik at the "senior prom,"—she hired them for the occasion.

It is too bad we cannot step inside and witness the marriage seated in a comfortable bamboo chair. But we must not feel offended—no gift, no invitation—is the custom in this part of the world. Our *present* is requested before our *presence*. However it would be a shame to miss the ceremony after walking so far; so let us peek in through the cracks in the door. Nobody in China will be surprised to catch us in the act, for among the Chinese there is no fault in being curious. The decorations are not bad, are they? The parents of the bridegroom seem quite proud of their upholstered hut. To them it is palatial. Oh yes, the trimmings of red and gold, as well as the altar, shall be taken down tomorrow.

Do you see those two red (more red) candles lighted on the altar? Any Chinaman will tell you that one candle represents the bride, the other the bridegroom. If the candles burn regularly the young couple are lucky, for that means they will have a long, happy married life ahead of them. Ad multos annos! But if one burns quicker than the other, it is just too bad for the party whom the candle represents—that unfortunate one will be the first to pass away. Somebody ought to cover that hole in the wall, or the draft will have one of them dead and buried before the ceremony is complete.

It is hard to make out what is going on in the crowded room. The young couple are on their knees worshipping heaven and earth—bowing to the four quarters of the compass. The bride is weeping profusely. If we had a Bermuda onion we could shed tears with her. But don't give

her too much sympathy, this is part of the ceremony. She is supposed to feel badly in being separated from her parents, but in reality it is the happiest day of her life, as it is the ideal of every girl in China to be married for better or worse. The sobbing has ceased and the bride and groom after bobbing up and down a dozen times are once more on their knees. The tense moment has arrived, they are declared man and wife. Curtains are drawn around the newly weds; the husband snatches the veil from his wife's face—and believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—it is the first time they have gazed into each other's countenance. The veil is thrown out on the floor amid a tremendous outburst. The curtains are pulled back and all eyes are centered on the blushing bride, whose face is as red as her garment—never before has she experienced the joys of public acclamation. All are bowing to the young couple and they are kowtowing to everybody else. The thunderous applause has simmered down and the wine cup is being handed to the newly wedded pair, and the ceremonial drinking begins. The happy couple are now entertaining their friends and all seem to be having a jolly time. The party is breaking up, so let us depart with the guests, and leave the youthful two to whisper to each other "Sweet mystery of life and love, I'm glad I've found you," or "The Pagan Love Song."

The honeymoon begins and ends in the morning when the husband and

wife pay a visit to the bride's home. These Chinese are brave people.

On the homeward stretch let's argue it out. Which is more risky, more sensational; a marriage up in the clouds with a party you know well and have agreed to wed in this fashion, or a ride in a sedan chair blindfolded, to see your life partner for the first time only when the nuptial ceremony is completed. Make your aerial wedding as thrilling as you wish. Go up with a stunt aviator. Let him spill his whole bag of tricks. Let him give you the combination side roll and double loop. For your honeymoon jump out of the plane into a parachute, pull the rip cord, and come down to earth once more. The Chinese bride will tell you that your daring aviator is tame in comparison with the four horsemen who toss her around as though she were a football as they carry her blindfolded in a bridal chair. The Chinese bridegroom maintains that your honeymoon parachute leap isn't half as exciting as a wedding trip to mother-in-law's home. Both bride and groom are of the opinion that your combination side roll and double loop is baby play compared to the thrill of looking into the countenance of your beloved for the first time, only after you have been united for life.

What is your opinion on the question: "Which is more risky, more sensational, America's latest fad or China's oldest tradition?"



FUTURE OFFICERS OF CHRIST'S ARMY IN CHINA—FATHER DAVID, O.S.A., WITH HIS YOUNG SEMINARIANS AT CHANGTEH, IN THE PROVINCE OF HUNAN. THOUGH MERE BOYS, THEY SING THE MASS IN LATIN, AND SEVERAL OF THEM ARE QUITE EFFICIENT AT THE ORGAN.

Gemma's League

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHOD: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual* society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI.

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

THE REWARD: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Masses Said	96
Masses Heard	39,733
Holy Communion	28,731
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	68,195
Spiritual Communion	261,445
Benediction Services	13,273
Sacrifices, Sufferings	145,087
Stations of the Cross	19,641
Visits to the Crucifix	50,377
Beads of the Five Wounds	74,995
Offerings of Precious Blood	387,939
Visits to Our Lady	48,584
Rosaries	84,223
Beads of the Seven Dolors	10,127
Ejaculatory Prayers	3,335,488
Hours of Study, Reading	37,799
Hours of Labor	121,545
Acts of Kindness, Charity	56,497
Acts of Zeal	121,265
Prayers, Devotions	750,351
Hours of Silence	70,530
Various Works	192,104
Holy Hours	1,096

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOTHER ST. ANSELM, R.G.S.
SISTER MODESTA McGAIL
SISTER IRMALINDE HEIDEGGER
REV. FIDELIS CUMMINGS, C.P.
REV. FELIX SCHELE, O.M. CAP.
FATHER VALERIAN, O.S.B.
D. AURELIUS STEHLE, O.S.B.
SISTER M. GERTRUDE
SISTER MAGDALEN OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST
SISTER ZITA
MARGARET O'BRIEN
MR. CHEEK
SAMUEL ADAM
MARY KOHMESCHER

MARY WALSH
MARGARET SADLER
MRS. M. COAKLEY
MAE E. MEADE
ANNA T. KERR
MRS. J. ROCHE
BARTHOLOMEW D. SULLIVAN
MICHAEL MALONEY
SARAH CROCKER
PATRICK WELCH
MADELINE WILSON
JULES V. DUMAS
MARY HURLEY GALVIN
WILLIAM J. SCHULTS
LOUIS W. MIHM
MRS. MICHAEL CLOONAN
JOHN HENNESSEY
MR. McCLOSKEY
MARY McGuire
LOUISE MATHES
MRS. WILLIAM MOLLOY
PATRICK HOLLAND
CHARLES J. AHERN
ANNIE DILLON
TIMOTHY V. DESMOND
PATRICK H. McGIRR

MARY HUTCHINSON
CATHERINE DANLES
PHILIP McARDLE
BESSIE BYRNE
PHILIP EPP
JOHANNA O'BRIEN
JOHN J. LEISH
MRS. T. F. SKELLY
JOHN SMEDLEY
MARGARET McDONALD
JOHN F. HEANEY
BRIDIE SMITH
JOSEPH COTTER
MARY A. GRAHAM
WINIFRED SHARKEY
ELLEN L. KELLY
THOMAS F. DOLAN
PATRICK E. BRENNAN
MARGARET ANN REMINGTON
ELIZABETH M. KELLY
ELIZABETH A. McDONALD
KATIE HOELSCHER
NELLIE CAMPBELL
WILLIAM J. McCARTHY
MRS. DE BUSSY
MARY A. McDEVITT

ELIZABETH McCARTHY
ANNA PETTIT
ELIZABETH T. COLE
DENIS P. YOUNG
JOHN CARROLL
TIMOTHY McCARTHY
GEORGE GRAEF
JOSEPH CARABINE
JOSEPH DONELY
LORETTA HIGGINS
W. H. FORD
K. AGNES FORD
RAYMOND MURPHY
JOHN HANLON
JOSEPH J. ALBRECHT
JAMES MURPHY
ANNIE M. HANLON
SADIE MACKEL
MRS. PATRICK HOGAN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



THE IMPRESSIVE CRUCIFIXION SCENE IN "VERONICA'S VEIL"

America's Passion Play

"VERONICA'S VEIL"

DATES OF PERFORMANCES

CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft....	February	16
Saturday Aft....	February	22
Sunday Aft....	February	23
Saturday Aft....	March	1
Sunday Aft....	March	2
Saturday Aft....	March	8
Saturday Aft....	March	15

ADULT PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft....	March	9
Sunday Eve....	March	9
Tuesday Eve....	March	11
Thursday Eve....	March	13
Sunday Aft....	March	16
Sunday Eve....	March	16
Tuesday Eve....	March	18
Thursday Eve....	March	20
Sunday Aft....	March	23
Sunday Eve....	March	23
Tuesday Eve....	March	25
Thursday Eve....	March	27
Sunday Aft....	March	30
Sunday Eve....	March	30
Tuesday Eve....	April	1
Thursday Eve....	April	3
Sunday Aft....	April	6
Sunday Eve....	April	6
Tuesday Eve....	April	8
Thursday Eve....	April	10
Saturday Aft....	April	12
Sunday Aft....	April	13
Sunday Eve....	April	13
Tuesday Eve....	April	15
Wednesday Eve....	April	16

SIXTEENTH SEASON. Performances Every Sunday Afternoon and Evening; Tuesday and Thursday Evenings DURING LENT. From March 9th to April 16th, inclusive. The Most Soul-Stirring, Inspiring, Dramatic Spectacle Depicting the Betrayal, Death and Crucifixion of Christ Ever Staged.

A SPOKEN DRAMA

At St. JOSEPH'S AUDITORIUM

Fourteenth Street and Central Avenue

UNION CITY, N. J.

(Formerly West Hoboken, N. J.)

Tickets sold in advance. WEEKDAY EVENING PRICES: 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING PRICES: \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 All Seats Reserved.

Directions for reaching auditorium: From Newark, Elizabeth and other New Jersey towns, take Hudson Tubes at Newark to Journal Square, Jersey City, then Boulevard bus north to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

From Uptown New York, Pennsylvania and Grand Central Depots: Go to Hudson Tubes. 33rd Street and Broadway. take train to Journal Square, then Boulevard bus north to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

SPECIAL SERVICE: During the production of "Veronica's Veil" special cars marked Summit Avenue run from Lackawanna Station, Hoboken, to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

Special buses marked No. 20 at Fourteenth Street, Hoboken, connecting with ferries from 23rd Street, New York, run directly to the auditorium. One fare.

Special buses run from Journal Square to Fourteenth Street.

Special cars and buses leave St. Joseph's Auditorium for Hudson Terminal, Journal Square and 14th Street, Hoboken, after every performance.

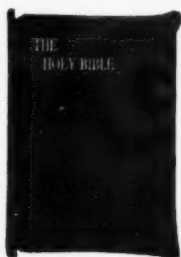
TELEPHONE PALISADE 9800. PASSION PLAY NEWS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION. COPIES FREE. WRITE TO REV. ISIDORE L. SMITH, C.P., 269 Central Avenue, Union City, N. J.

NOTE: There are many Passion Plays, but only one "VERONICA'S VEIL." Every Catholic family should witness this wondrous production.

THE CATHOLIC BIBLE

Illustrated, New Large Type Edition

Douay Version, Old and New Testament, with Annotations and References, has also a Chronological Index. Translated from the Latin Vulgate. Endorsed by Cardinals Gibbons, Farley and O'Connell.



Contains 16 full page Colored Maps, 32 illustrations, and a Family Record printed in two colors on four pages of bond paper. This bible excels other bibles because it has

MORE EXPLANATORY NOTES—

BETTER ILLUSTRATIONS and is printed from new clear type on the best quality of bible paper.

Size 5 1/2 x 9 inches—1400 pages
No. 180A. Black silk cloth, gold title on back, round corners. Blind Cross on front. **\$1.50**

Without Illustrations
No. 181DK. Seal Grain Limp, imitation leather, gold title on front cover. **\$3.00**

Gold edges
No. 181D. French seal leather, limp, gold title on front cover. **\$4.00**

Gold edges
No. 1417. American Seal, limp, Divinity Circuit, round corners, red under gold **\$4.50**

edges
No. 181DL. Same as No. 181D, with thumb index. **\$5.00**

Gold Chain Jewel Rosaries



Fine imitation cut stone beads, mounted on rolled chain with a scapular medal used as the connection.

No. 1294. Small beads, fifteen inches long, similar to illustration, warranted to wear 10 yrs. **\$2.50**

No. 1205. Large beads, seven inches long, similar to illustration, warranted to wear ten years. Each **\$3.00**

No. 1207. Large beads, seven inches long, similar to illustration, warranted to wear twenty years. Each **\$3.50**

The above rosaries are supplied in a satin lined box. Each rosary in a satin lined box.

THE PASSIONIST MANUAL

TWELFTH EDITION—One Hundred Twenty Thousand

Intended as helps to continue the work of the Missions conducted by the Passionist Fathers. Published by D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago, Ill. This small volume is a prayer book containing indulgenced prayers and devotions, together with other prayers which have proven helpful to many.

This contains chapters on the leading events of Our Lord's Passion. Each chapter is preceded by a history of the event. The paragraphs which follow are intended to explain the words of the Gospel.

NEW BINDING: The binding on this new edition of the "PASSIONIST MANUAL" has been bound by America's best Prayerbook binder.

No. 54. American Morocco Limp, round corners, gold stamping on cover. **\$1.00**

No. 55 1/2. Persian Morocco Limp, with silk book mark, round corners, red under gold edges, gold stamping on cover. **1.50**

No. 57. Fine Calif, red under gold edges, gold stamping on cover. **\$3.00**



MY COMPANION CASE

No. 405

Rosary case, made of real leather, with clasp, and stamped My Companion in gold.

Real cocotte rosary with Happy Death crucifix, and French Grey Silver Plated Scapular and St. Christopher medals attached to the case.

Size of Case 2 1/4 x 2 1/2 in.

Complete **75c**

No. 406. Same as the above with better grade rosary, real coco beads mounted on solid silver chain, with silver crucifix and connection. Complete **\$2.00**



No. 1526
Brass Stand for 15 hour votive glass, including glass and one votive candle.

Each **50c**

Three dozen fifteen hour votive lights for above lamp **\$1.00**

IMPROVED SICK CALL OUTFIT



Every Catholic Home should have this most necessary item.

Size 13x7 1/2 x 3 1/4 inches. Case lined with purple satin, containing the necessary articles for administering the Last Sacraments. Articles finished in silver.

Price **\$5.00**

STATUES WITH VOTIVE LAMPS

St. Jude
No. 97



Little Flower
No. 99
99A



Sacred Heart
No. 98
98A



Beautiful hand-painted Statues, painted in natural colors, with Ruby Glass and Votive Candle.

No. 98 Sacred Heart 12" high, **\$2.00**

No. 98A Sacred Heart 16" high, **\$4.00**

No. 99 Little Flower 12" high, **\$2.00**

No. 99A Little Flower 16" high, **\$4.00**

No. 97 St. Jude 12" high, **\$2.00**

NOTE—Specify size and number of statue when ordering.

St. Christopher Auto Medal



Oxidized Silver

No. 50
40c each

St. Jude Medal



A new medal of St. Jude with high relief, beautiful design.

No. 25. Rose gold finish, each **15c**

Oxidized silver finish, each **15c**

Aluminum, each **5c**

Solid Gold, each **\$5.00**

St. Jude Thaddeus Booklet

32 pages—Paper Cover
Picture of St. Jude Thaddeus as frontispiece. Contains Compendium Life, Litany, Novena and Prayers to St. Jude Thaddeus. Price per copy **10c**

Sacred Heart Badges



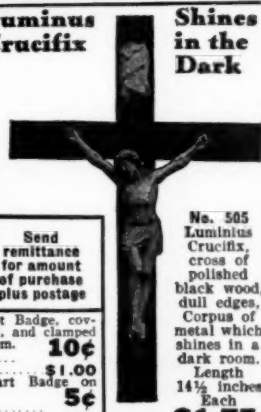
No. 14. Official Sacred Heart Badge, covered with transparent celluloid, and clamped at the edge with a brass rim. Each **10c**

Per dozen **\$1.00**

No. 12. Official Sacred Heart Badge on red flannel. Each **5c**

Per dozen **40c**

Luminus Crucifix



No. 505 Luminus Crucifix, cross of polished black wood, dull edges, Corpus of metal which shines in a dark room. Length 14 1/2 inches. Each **\$1.75**

SCAPULAR RINGS



No. 7359
Closed

No. 7544. 10Kt. Gold **\$9.50**

No. 7359. 10Kt. Gold **5.50**



No. 7544
Open

14K Gold **\$12.50**

14K Gold **6.50**

D. B. HANSEN & SONS

23 N. Franklin St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of, 19

Signed
Witness
Witness
Witness

Painless Giving

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
 THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1 **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

MISSION NEEDS

2 **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3 **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 24, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist

After Death One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

LONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

